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THE CLOUDS

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

Golden, yellow, and crimson,
White as December snow,
Tinged with the winter glow,
Bathed in the summer glow,
Beautiful, gorgeous vapors,
Born of the floating mist,
Formed in the hidden heavens,
And by the sunshine kissed!
Sailing on, ever onward,
Whither ever ye list.

Clouds of the thunder tempest;
Clouds of the April morn;
Clouds that hang over the June woods;
White with blossoming thorn;
Clouds of a golden sunrise;
Clouds in the purple west,
Folding the blue-bodied hills up
In a vermillion vest;
How can I give my preference?
Loving each soft dye the best.

White ships sailing the azure
Azure of heaven's deep—
Graceful as feathery sea-weeds,
Cast from the ocean's keep—
Wild, erratic and changeable,
Like beauty's face in eclipse,
When tears and smiles hover jointly
Over eyelids and lips.
Till you're like a bee in his honey,
Lost in reveling sips!
There is a tender brightness
Love and glory, and light,
Dwelling in those fair wanderers
Over the blue-arched height!
The blossoms of heaven's gardens,
Sparkled by dew-drop stars,
Which peep in the silent evenings
Down through the cloudy bars,
While Day and the Sun-side westward
In golden and crimson cars.

The Ace of Spades:

OR,
IOLA, THE STREET SWEEPER.

BY ALBERT W. AIKEN.

CHAPTER XLV.—IOLA AND THE MARQUIS.

IOLA kept her appointment with the "Marquis," and was by him conducted to the boarding-house on Grand street.

Catterton had previously explained to the lady that kept the house the circumstances connected with the street-sweeper, and her rescue from the life of misery that she had led.

The "Marquis," considerably, left a small sum of money in the hands of the landlady, Mrs. Wiggins, to be applied to fitting out Iola in a dress more suited to her new station than the shabby one she wore.

The next morning Catterton called to take his adopted sister to the shop which was to be her place of employment for the future. The "Marquis," had seen the foreman of the manufactory, and readily he agreed to receive Iola and teach her the business.

Catterton entered the parlor of the boarding-house, and the landlady, requesting him to be seated, went for Iola.

In a few minutes the street-sweeper entered the room. The "Marquis" looked at her in astonishment. The change in her appearance from the preceding day was wonderful. She was attired in a neat calico dress, with little white cuffs on her wrists, and a dainty collar about her neck. Her superb tresses of yellow hair—that was of the tint of the wheat-field when the sheen of the sun rippled on it—was snugly bound up in a little net.

Her blue eyes danced for joy when she saw the "Marquis," and with both hands outstretched, and a bright smile of joy illuminating her face, she ran to him.

"Oh, I am so glad you have come!" she cried.

"Why, Iola," he exclaimed, surveying the exquisitely formed little figure before him with admiration—the "Marquis" had a great liking for little women—"this is a change indeed!"

"Yes, don't I look nice?" she cried, in delight.

The innocence of the remark brought a smile to the lips of Catterton.

"Why you are a perfect little fairy!"

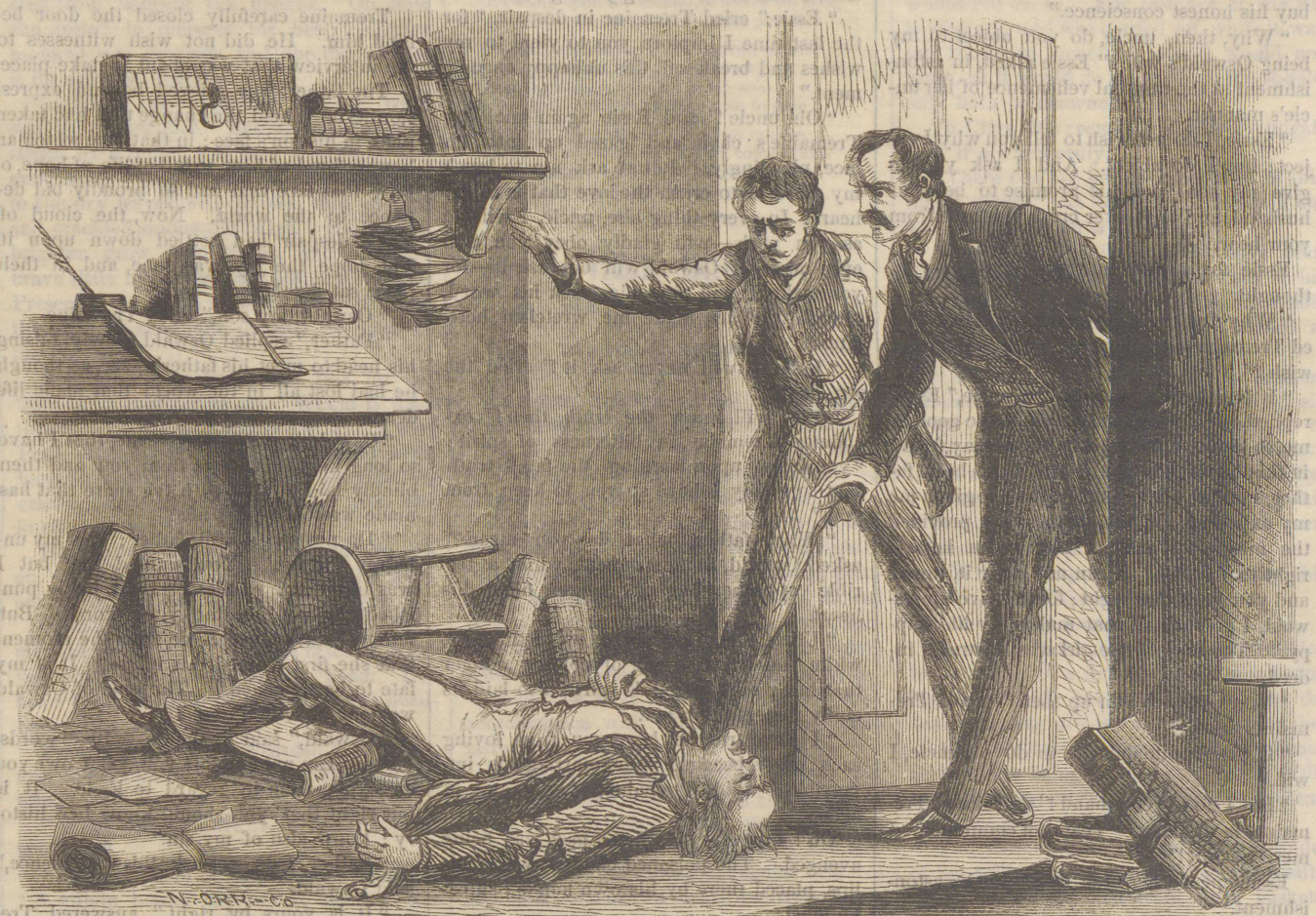
"Do you think so?" she exclaimed, joyfully.

"Yes, indeed I do," he replied.

"I am so glad that I please you," she answered.

The cold, callous "Marquis"—the man of the world, whose boyhood had been one long struggle with misery, whose majority had been reached in a gaunting-hell, whose school had been the streets, and whose master had been dire necessity—felt a peculiar sensation creep over him, as he looked upon the girl, whom he had rescued from that life, the living of which is misery and the end is shame alone. The sensation was new to him—he had never felt any thing like it before.

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THERE, IN A DEAD SWOON UPON THE FLOOR OF THE CLOSET, LAY THE OLD MAN, WHITEHEAD, THE SECRETARY.

"There," he said, mentally, "see how a good deed makes a man feel!" And yet in his short life the "Marquis" had done many a good deed, and yet had never felt this strange sensation before.

"Why, you are quite a lady, Iola. I thought you were but a child, but now that you have on a long dress, I see you are nearly a woman."

"I am seventeen," answered Iola, quickly, and she looked eagerly into the "Marquis" face, as if to see how he received the news of her age.

The "Marquis" was astonished.

"As old as that!" he said. "Why, even dressed as you are now, I should not have taken you to be over fifteen at the most."

"I thought you were a child,"

"Yes, but I am not," she answered, quickly. "I am quite a woman."

It was evident that Iola had some strong reason for wishing Catterton to consider her something else than a child.

"Yes, quite a woman," he replied, and during this short conversation he had been holding both her hands in his, as she had given them in her joy when she entered.

"Well, Iola," he said, releasing her hands, "are you comfortable here?"

"Oh, yes, real comfortable," she answered, "the lady is so kind."

"Why, Iola," said Catterton, seating himself in a rocking-chair, "I never saw such a change in any one in my life, as in you."

"Yes," she said, bringing a little stool out of a corner and sitting down beside the "Marquis," her chin resting on the arm of the rocking-chair, and her full blue eyes gazing brightly into his face.

"You have not only changed in dress but your whole nature seems changed," he said, wondering at the same time, as he looked into her face, why he had never noticed what pretty eyes she had before.

"I am free now," she answered, gayly; "before I was a slave. Now I am happy, then I was wretched. A slave you know is very rarely happy."

"Yes, but you are not free now," the "Marquis" said, gravely.

Iola looked up astonished.

"You have a master, and a very terrible one too."

For a moment the girl looked puzzled; then, suddenly comprehending his meaning, she laughed gayly, and seizing his hand, placed it upon her head.

"Yes, I am a slave, and you are my terrible master. See, I acknowledge it!" Then seizing the other hand in her little fingers she carried it to her lips and imprinted two little kisses upon it. The touch of the little red lips thrilled through the "Marquis," and sent the blood leaping through his veins.

The "Marquis" was puzzled; he could not account for the strange feelings that agitated him.

Iola, still holding his hand tight in her little palms, was looking up into his face with the same adoration that the Hindoo worships the carved god, the symbol of his faith.

Then the "Marquis" noticed how beautiful the hair of the young girl was, how fine and how like silk its softness. And, looking down into the fresh, young face, he began to think that a fair young girl of seventeen was about as pretty an object as could be found in the wide, wide world.

"You are willing to be a slave, then?" he asked.

"Yes, your slave," she answered, quickly, "but not any one else's."

"Oh, I shan't resign you to any one!" he replied; "but come, I must take you to your future work-shop."

Iola ran up-stairs for her hat and cloak.

The "Marquis," left alone, felt like a man that had awakened from a vision of bliss—awakened to find it all a dream. His senses were in a whirl. Something was evidently the matter with him, but what that something was he was unable to tell—unable even to guess.

"Confound it!" he cried, rising from his seat, "if doing one good action makes a fellow feel like this, what effect would a dozen have upon him?"

Catterton escorted Iola to the paper-box manufactory, introduced her to the foreman as Miss Iola Thompson, saw her installed as one of the employees of the establishment, and, after promising to call upon her that evening, took his departure.

The "Marquis" walked down Canal street and turned into Broadway. Having nothing particular to do he strolled up the street. That street of all streets in America; always filled with a busy, bustling crowd, a moving picture of life, always changing, every varying; where the beggar elbows the millionaire, and the bootblack walks "cheek by jowl" with the Fifth Avenue "blood."

Just as the "Marquis" crossed Grand street, a fine team of bays, attached to a handsome open carriage, in which sat a gentleman of middle age and a young girl in her teens, stopped before the door of Lord & Taylor's.

The eyes of Catterton were attracted by the "bays," for he was a great admirer of horses, and had often pronounced them the handsomest things in the world. He had, however, found reason to change his opinion that morning, and a horse now held but a second place in his estimation of beautiful objects. After glancing at the "bays" he happened to look at the lady and gentleman descending from the carriage.

The moment his eyes fell upon the face of the lady he started.

"The devil!" he cried, "what an astonishing resemblance!"

Then the eyes of the "Marquis" noted the face of the gentleman, and again he started.

"I can't be mistaken," he muttered, "it must be he!" Then the "Marquis," who had halted near the corner, strolled carelessly toward the carriage. By this movement the "Marquis" obtained a good view of the people who had made such an impression upon him.

"It is my man, sure!" he said, decidedly,

as the two entered the store. "But is it the girl? Ah! that's what I've got to find out. If she ain't living, and with this man, I'm done for." The "Marquis" thought for a moment.

"She looks enough like the mother to be the child. I'm sure it's Tremaine. He hasn't altered much in sixteen years—grown a little stouter and a little fuller in the face, but not materially changed. How can I find out?" he mused. "I have it! I'll pump the driver. What was the name of the girl?"

"Oh! I remember,"

Then the "Marquis" advanced to the side of the carriage. The driver had descended from the box and was standing by the horses.

"A splendid team you've got there, my friend," said Catterton, in his smoothest voice.

The driver turned and favored the "Marquis" with a searching gaze; but beholding a handsome young fellow, evidently by his dress—that of a gentleman, he replied, civilly:

"Yes, sir, they're a fine team."

"Mr. Tremaine's, ain't they?"

"Yes, sir."

"I thought so."

"Nice team, sir."

"Yes, about as good a pair of bays as I have ever seen," and the "Marquis" put his head on one side and surveyed the animals in a "horsey" manner.

"Oh, they're rattlers, sir," said the coachman, feeling a natural pride in the beasts that he drove.

"Worth about a thousand, ain't they?"

"Well, no, sir, not quite so high as that," replied the coachman. "I think Mr. Tremaine gave eight hundred for them."

"Well, now I should call that cheap," said the "Marquis," decidedly, and with another "horsey" look at the beasts, about which in reality he felt as little interest as he did about the man in the moon; but the "Marquis" was after information.

"Yes, they were a bargain."

"How fast can hey go? About four minutes, eh?"

"Well, yes, sir; with training, I think they'd make that easy; perhaps cut off a few seconds. They're Hambletonian stock, sir, from up the river," said the driver.

"Good stock! Are they gentle?"

"As lambs, sir."

"I suppose the young lady could drive 'em without danger?"

"What, Miss Essie?" cried the coachman.

"Why, she has drove 'em in the Park the other day in a light wagon with young Mr. Tremaine, an' they went beautifully."

"By the way, what's Miss Essie's last name? I never can remember it!" and the "Marquis" had a good reason, for few men have the art of remembering what they never knew.

"Troy, sir." The driver was sure he was talking with an acquaintance of his master.

"Ah, that's it!" cried Catterton, in a tone that indicated wonder at forgetting it.

"Isn't Miss Troy some relative of Mr. Tremaine?"

"Yes, sir; niece. She just's come from a boarding-school at Troy, sir; been there ever since she was a child. I've heard, sir," the coachman had the natural desire to tell all he knew about the family he lived in, "that she is an orphan without any folks but Mr. Tremaine, and that he's always taken care of her. And I must say, he seems as fond of her as if she was his own child."

"Tremaine's a good man," said the "Marquis."

"That he is, sir!" emphatically replied the coachman.

"Those are fine horses. Good-day."

"Good-day, sir."

And the "Marquis," having found out all he wanted, strolled leisurely up the street, admiring the pretty women that are always so plentiful on Broadway. But mentally he compared them to Iola, and the comparison was decidedly to her advantage.

The coachman looked after the elegant figure of the "Marquis."

"Now, he's a gent, he is, and a judge of horseflesh, too." The "Marquis" had made a favorable impression upon the man that he had been pumping for information.

"So, ho!" mused the "Marquis," as he strolled along, "I think that little bit of work would reflect credit upon any member of the detective force. It is Loyal Tremaine, as I thought, and the girl too. The name, Essie, confirms it. That was the name. Troy? that's simple enough. What better last name could he give the girl than the town where he sent her to be brought up? For of course he did send her there. As fond of her as if she was his own child, and no wonder." Then the "Marquis" laughed quietly to himself. "There isn't the least bit of doubt about the matter; she's the girl. But, stop—" and Catterton pulled the ends of his mustache, reflectively. "Can I prove that this girl is the girl? That's a knotty point! That remains to be seen. I think I will have to call upon Mr. Tremaine this afternoon or to-morrow afternoon and have a talk over old times."

For a block or two the "Marquis" walked on in deep thought.

"If I were a rogue now, what a rod of iron I could hold over this girl—how I could bend her to my will," he mused. "I wonder if that act of mine sixteen years ago was a crime? I think not. Blood is thicker than water, and on that I acted. At all events, it's too late to alter it now. Essie—as Tremaine calls her—is just where I want her to be, and never, by word or act of mine, will I pull her down from her proud position. I made her what she is; never will I unmake her."

And with these strange thoughts in his mind, the "Marquis" strolled up Broadway.

CHAPTER XLV.—A WOMAN'S LOVE.

LOYAL TREMAINE, after his interview with his son, which had been so unsatisfactory, with a heavy heart proceeded up-stairs and entered his library.

The servant answered Tremaine's tap on the bell.

"Tell Miss Troy that I would like to see her in the library. You will find her in her room, probably," he said.

The servant left the apartment, and Loyal Tremaine was alone with his gloomy thoughts.

"This is a terrible retribution," he muttered, as the memory of the past came back to him. "This is a justice for me, indeed. I am rightly punished for the old sin."

The rich man closed his eyes with a deep sigh as if to shut out the memory of the past. Vain hope! for closing the eyes, simply, does not bring forgetfulness.

Back to the mind of Loyal Tremaine came vividly the memory of bygone days. He saw again the face of Christine, the woman he had loved so well that to obtain her he had sinned. The woman who had loved him so well that she had dared all the scorn and contempt of the world for that love—that guilty love that had brought the lightning-stroke of an outraged Heaven down upon her sinful head; that guilty love, that now, after the lapse of sixteen years, had brought a terrible visitation upon the man that had urged the woman to sin, as a punishment for his crime.

"The mills of the gods grind slow, but they grind exceeding fine!" No one in this world escapes from the consequences of evil deeds. Years may pass, but in the end retribution will come; not openly, perhaps, in the face of all the world, but silently and secretly. The poison rankling in the veins

inflicts as much pain as the blow of the bludgeon, though one be secret and the other visible to all. Let not mortal think that the dread, unwritten laws of Heaven and of Nature can be broken without punishment falling upon the guilty head of the evil-doer. The punishment may not be apparent except to himself, except to his own nature. He suffers doubly, who suffers silently and alone.

For the first time in his life, Loyal Tremaine understood the feelings which must have seized upon the heart of the young sailor, Walter Averill, when he came back from battling with the tempest and the roaring wild sea waves and found that his house was desolate; that his household gods—his wife's faith and purity—had fled on the sable wings of night, and left behind naught but despair and desolation.

The steel shaft of remorse was in the soul of Tremaine for his early crime. His own anguish made him understand the anguish that he had caused another to suffer.

For sixteen years Loyal Tremaine had lived in the fear that Walter Averill, the sailor-husband, the man that he had so greatly wronged, would some day appear suddenly before him, denounce him as his wronger, and demand justice.

The demand had been made, not by the voice of the wronged husband, but from the lips of Tremaine's own son came the demand.

What were the pangs that all the justice of earth could cause, to the hell now raging in the breast of the father when he thought of the life-bligh that perforce he must bring upon his only son, and upon the girl, too, whom he loved with all a father's affection?

"Eddie alone can avert the evil," he murmured; "will she do it? or is this passion—this love"—the fatal strength of which he knew full well—"so strongly fixed in her heart that she can not give it up? This fatal love which must drag her and Oswald to the depths of utter despair."

A few minutes would answer the question and solve the riddle.

Timidly Essie entered the room, still blushing, red as a red, red rose, as she thought of the discovery in the parlor.

"Sit down, Essie," said Tremaine, kindly.

Essie took fresh courage at the kindness of his manner. Why should he, who had always treated her as a beloved daughter, be angry if she loved his son—his son, who resembled his father so much?

"Essie," and Tremaine spoke gently, "my son tells me that he loves you; he has also told you so, has he not?"

"Yes, sir," murmured the girl.

"He has asked you to be his wife?"

"Yes, sir," Essie began to hope that the course of her true love was destined to run smooth.

"You have accepted his love and consented to be his wife?"

"I have, sir," and Essie timidly raised her eyes, as if seeking in the face of her guardian to read his decision upon her action.

"Essie, do you love my son?" Tremaine waited eagerly for the reply. It came full and strong. No sign of weakness or hesitation in the tone. The heart of Essie Troy was in her voice.

"Yes, sir, I do!"

"Oh!"

The single exclamation told Essie that the smooth water was past and that the bark of love was on dangerous seas, hiding many an angry, death-dealing rock; the breakers were in sight, and the white foam-caps struck terror to the heart of the girl.

"Essie, examine well your own heart!" cried Tremaine, in great agitation; "are you sure you love my son? Remember that the whole happiness of your life may depend upon your knowing the truth. You are but a child in years—have mingled very little with the world. There may be a hundred in the future that you are fated to see that you will like better than you do Oswald.

Whose natures may be a thousand times more suited to your own, than his can ever be. All your future life may depend now upon your decision in this one little matter. You may fancy that you love Oswald. He is the first young man that you have been intimate with. You think you love him, but be careful and do not mistake friendship for love, or you will bitterly repent it hereafter. Take time, Essie, do not answer hastily."

Tremaine was but wasting breath.

"A man convinced against his will is of his own opinion still," says a trite old adage, and unlike many other old sayings it is extremely true.

Attempt all impossible things, but do not attempt to convince a young girl that she does not love the man that she has chosen for the master of her heart. Argument only strengthens her in her belief. Use force, she flies to his arms, and like the engineer you are "hoist by your own petard."

Essie was as fully convinced that she loved Oswald as she was that she was living and breathing.

"Oh, uncle!" she answered, "I am sure I love Oswald, and that I shall never love any one else."

A similar remark has been made in like cases by a hundred girls, who afterward didn't marry the loved one and did marry some one else. But as a noted character of fiction has remarked, "Women are so devilish unreliable!"

Essie saw plainly that there was some ob-

stacle in her path to happiness, but what that obstacle was she could not guess.

"Essie, this is a terrible blow to me!" exclaimed Tremaine, and the expression of pain upon his features showed that he spoke the truth.

"Why, uncle, do you object to my loving Oswald?" asked Essie, tremblingly.

"Yes, yes!" he answered.

"I know I am poor," murmured Essie, and tears filled the soft blue eyes despite her efforts to keep them back; for Essie was a brave little girl, and did not often give way to tears.

"Poor!" cried Tremaine, "'tis the cry of the world! Poverty is not a crime, though the dull-headed dolts that have sold themselves body and soul for glittering dross would make it so. Essie, at this moment I would give up all I have in the world, and change places with the poorest workman in New York, if with his poverty I could also buy his honest conscience."

"Why, then, uncle, do you object to my being Oswald's wife?" Essie asked, in astonishment at the unusual vehemence of her uncle's manner.

"Essie, I do not wish to tell you why I object; but I do object. And I ask you to give my son back his promise to be your husband, and to forever crush this love from your heart."

Essie for a moment was silent, busy in thought.

"Why don't you answer, Essie?" exclaimed Tremaine, impatiently; "will you do as I wish?"

"It is so hard to answer you, uncle," Essie replied. "You have always been so good to me, so kind. I have never known any friend in this world but you. You have been father, mother, all to me. You have given me my existence, for your bounty has provided the means by which I live. You have a right to that life. I can not deny it, uncle, and you exert that right; for if I give up Oswald, I give up all that makes my life happy."

The tone of the girl was mournful indeed.

"You will give him up then?" cried Tremaine, hastily.

"If you command me to do so, uncle, I will."

"But I do not command!" exclaimed Tremaine, in despair. "I can not command. I merely ask it!"

Essie opened her blue eyes wide in astonishment.

"You do not command it?" she said, in amazement.

"No, no; I have promised that I will not force your will in this matter," replied Tremaine, fearing that, after all, his efforts were useless.

"Then you only ask me?" and the blue eyes brightened; "if I can not do it, you will not be angry with me?"

"No, no, child," responded Tremaine, sadly, "I can not be angry with you. Whatever course you take, I believe it is destined by fate. You are but a passive agent in my punishment."

Essie could not understand the meaning of her uncle's strange words.

"Decide—will you yield to my request?" Tremaine's voice was full of entreaty.

"Uncle, I can not," and Essie threw herself on her knees by Tremaine's chair, and gently laid her hands upon his arm, as if in supplication.

"It is fate," murmured Tremaine, looking into the earnest face raised in entreaty. "Poor child, I can not blame you."

"Oh, uncle!" she cried, "I do not wish to give you pain; perhaps Oswald does not love as well as I. If he wishes me to retract my promise, I will do so, even if it should break my heart."

As a drowning man clutches at straws, so Tremaine seized upon this promise.

The bell summoned the servant.

"Tell Oswald that I wish to see him."

The servant retired with the message.

"Vain hope!" Tremaine muttered to himself, "he will never release her, and the fatal secret must be told."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE FATAL SECRET.

In a few minutes after the departure of the servant with the message, Oswald entered the parlor library.

"You sent for me, father?" he asked.

Essie had risen to her feet and stood by the side of Tremaine's chair.

"Yes, Oswald," answered the father, "I did send for you; I have spoken with Essie, and she is willing to return you your promise."

"What?" cried Oswald in amazement, while the hot blood flushed into his temples; "do I hear rightly? Essie, speak!"

he demanded. "Do you wish me to return you your promise? do you wish me to release you?"

"No, Oswald," Essie answered, "I do not wish it."

"What, then, father, do you mean?" cried Oswald, impetuously.

"Essie is willing to give you a chance to think the matter over. You have both acted hastily. Possibly to-morrow you will change your mind."

"Never, father!" cried the young man, in heat.

"Oswald, I have promised your father that if you wish it, I will return you your promise," said Essie, looking with anxious eyes into her lover's face; but the glow of joy that she saw there, caused by her

words, convinced her that the promise would not be returned.

"Father, your efforts are useless; I will never ask Essie to release me, and never will I release her. Essie, you are my promised wife, and come good or bad, I shall hold you to your promise."

Essie did not answer with her tongue, but with her eyes, she thanked Oswald for the words that he had uttered.

Tremaine inwardly groaned in agony of spirit, though outwardly, save in the white lips and deathly pallor of his visage, he gave no sign of emotion.

"Oswald and Essie, you will not be warned!" he cried; "you will not heed my voice, but blindly rush to despair."

"Father, I can not understand the meaning of your words," answered Oswald;

"why you should be so strongly opposed to my wedding Essie, I know not; but until you do give me a reason for that opposition, I will never willingly resign her."

"Essie," cried Tremaine in despair, "for the last time I implore you to yield to my wishes and break off this unhappy engagement."

"Oh, uncle!" and Essie again knelt by Tremaine's chair and gazed up into his face, pleadingly, "do not ask me to break my word or to crush the love that is in my heart! In every thing else, uncle, I will do as you wish—I will gladly obey you, and even now—if Oswald will but ask it—for your sake, I will give him back his word, though the act make me wretched hereafter."

"Essie, I will never ask it!" cried the son, hastily.

"You will know the truth, then!" exclaimed Tremaine, in bitterness of spirit; "you insist upon learning the fatal truth that so vainly I have striven to keep from you."

"Why, father, what do you mean?"

Oswald, in amazement, while a terrible apprehension of danger filled his heart.

"Uncle, do explain!" pleaded Essie, while the same feeling of coming danger that hung over Oswald's spirit, also laid its chilly fingers upon her.

"I have tried to keep you from loving each other, because your marriage is impossible!" said Tremaine, slowly and in agony.

"Oh! how the sin of the past was being avenged. The poisoned chalice was at his lips, placed there by his own hands; sup it he must."

"Impossible!" cried Oswald.

"Impossible!" repeated Essie.

"Father, what can you mean?" exclaimed the son, who felt as if he was in a terrible dream, the waking from which would be fearful.

"Yes, it is impossible!" repeated the father.

"Why impossible?" asked Oswald at last.

Both Oswald and Essie looked at Tremaine, with the same expression upon their faces that prisoners being tried for their lives might have while gazing at the judge who held in his hands their fate.

"Why?" and the anguish of the father was terrible, indeed. "Heaven forgive me—I must speak the truth even though it kills! Oswald and Essie, your marriage is impossible, for you are brother and sister! Essie, you are my child!"

The fatal—fatal truth came upon the lovers with crushing force.

Oswald reeled back, and but for the friendly support of a chair would have fallen, while Essie, still kneeling by the chair of her uncle, looked into his face with a stony glare as though the awful words had stricken her into marble.

Tremaine could not bear the fixed look of the blue eyes that were wont to be so soft and loving in their gaze. Hastily he rose from his chair, and raising Essie from her knees, folded her to his heart.

"Essie!" he exclaimed, in anguish, "my poor child, can you forgive me? I have tried to be a father to you, a father in all but the name, and now, because I am your father, I have blighted all your life. My poor child, can you forgive me?"

Essie answered not. Her head was in a whirl. Strange sounds were in her ears; the terrible truth had stunned her.

"Essie," cried the father, anxiously, finding that she did not answer, "why do you not speak? Call me, father, and tell me that you forgive me, or I shall go mad!"

With a weary air, Essie raised her head, passed her hand slowly across her forehead, as though she had just awakened from a frightful dream and was recalling her scattered and bewildered senses.

"Father—Oswald," she murmured, and then with a sigh she fainted, and but for the arms of Tremaine, would have fallen to the floor.

"Ring the bell, Oswald, quick! she has fainted!" cried the father, in haste.

Like one in a maze, Oswald staggered rather than walked to the table, and touched the bell.

"Oh! can I ever be forgiven for this misery?" murmured Tremaine in anguish, as he looked upon the haggard features of his son and then upon the pale face of the fainting girl that he held in his arms.

The servant entered in answer to the bell.

"Send Mrs. Harris" (the housekeeper of the Tremaine mansion) "here at once. Tell her that Miss Troy has fainted; quick!"

With eager haste, the servant obeyed the order. In a few minutes, that seemed hours to the anxious father, the servant returned with Mrs. Harris.

"We had better take her to her room, Mr. Tremaine," said the housekeeper, her experienced eye quickly perceiving that Essie's faint was a severe one.

"Wait, Oswald, I will return in a moment," said Tremaine, and then with his own hands he bore the fainting girl to her room—which was upon the same floor as the library—and laid her upon the bed.

"Do not leave her, Mrs. Harris," he said, "and if you think that there is danger, send for Doctor Dornon at once." Then Tremaine, leaving the helpless child in the care of the housekeeper, returned to the library, where he found Oswald sitting motionless by the table in exactly the same position that he had left him in.

The shock of the awful disclosure had stunned the young man. He had grown five years older in looks in the few minutes that had elapsed since the knowledge of the fatal secret had thrown such a cloud upon his brain.

Tremaine carefully closed the door behind him. He did not wish witnesses to the interview that was about to take place.

The father was grieved beyond expression as he beheld the change that had taken place in his son's face; in that face which an hour before had been so full of life, of hope, of joy; that face that had so proudly bid defiance to the world. Now, the cloud of black despair had settled down upon it. The hope, the joy was gone, and in their place sat desolation.

"Oswald, my son," cried Tremaine.

"Father," replied Oswald, slowly, raising his head to meet his father's gaze, as though he had lost all in the world that made life dear.

"Oswald, can you forgive me, that I have so long kept this secret from you and then blindly laid in your path the snare that has made wretched your life?"

"Do not speak of it, father; it is my unhappy fortune. You warned me, but I was blind and reckless. I am justly punished for not heeding your words. But, father, I have loved Essie, from the moment that she first entered this house. It is my fate to be wretched." The tone of Oswald was one of settled despair.

"Oswald," said Tremaine, sadly, "words, I know, can not comfort you, yet I owe you an explanation in regard to Essie. It is but right that you should know her history; know also of my sin."

"Father, I do not ask this confidence," said Oswald.

"It is yours by right," answered Tremaine. "The consequences of my fault have not only fallen upon my head but upon yours also; therefore, listen to me."

Tremaine seated himself, and after a moment's pause, as if to collect his thoughts, began:

"Some eighteen years ago I had occasion to visit the town of New Bedford. While there, I became acquainted with a young and pretty girl, the wife of a sailor. He was the captain of a whale-ship, and at that time he was absent on a cruise. He was not expected to return for three years. This lady and I met in society very often. I soon discovered that I loved her, and that she returned my passion. This was my sin, for I had tried to make her love me, knowing that she was legally another's. She did not love her husband, although he was young, handsome and rich. She had been forced by her folks, who were poor, to marry him. In her heart she hated the chains that bound her to his side, and yet, she was a good, pure woman, despite this passion which was only guilty in thought, not in nature. The time came for my departure. I went to her house in the afternoon—I was to depart at five—to bid her farewell. She cried bitter tears at the thought that we were forced to separate, for she loved me, Oswald, as well as and purely as ever woman loved man. I had thought, Oswald, that I had loved your mother, but the first passion did not burn with the intense flame of the second."

"Just as I had shaken hands with her for the last time, a telegraphic dispatch arrived from the owner of the vessel of which her husband was captain. The dispatch announced that the ship had been lost at sea, and all on board had perished."

"She was free, and with a scream, half joy, half sorrow, she sank fainting upon my breast."

"It did not require much persuasion to induce her to accompany me at once to New York, and there we were to be married."

"We arrived in New York the next morning, and the first thing that I read in the morning paper was the news that her husband, the sailor, escaped the wreck and had been saved."

"The evil was done, her reputation was compromised by her flight with me. All would have believed her guilty if she had been as innocent and as pure as holy angels."

"One course only remained, and that was to apply at once for a divorce. That course was adopted. I procured lodgings for my destined wife; in those lodgings, Essie was born."

Oswald had listened to the story attentively.

Tremaine paused for a moment; the memory of the past was painful, indeed.

"Time passed on; we heard nothing of the sailor husband, and I began to think that he would never trouble us, or at least not until the divorce was granted—and divorces then were not procured as easily as they are now. But one terrible, stormy night, the sailor discovered his wife's re-

treachery, and while he was reproaching her bitterly for what she had done, the lightning, flashing in through the open window, struck her dead at his feet."

Oswald shuddered at the fearful story, while for a moment Tremaine paused in deep agitation at the remembrance of the terrible tragedy.

"And Essie, father?" he asked, "how did you obtain possession of her? I should have thought that he, the husband, would have taken her."

"No, he left the house without disturbing the infant; possibly in his anger he had not noticed it. I gave a newsboy, who had witnessed the terrible scene that ended in the death of Essie's mother, a hundred dollars to procure the child for me."

"And what was the name of this woman and her husband?" asked Oswald.

"The sailor's name was Walter Averill, her name was Christine."

A loud cry, seemingly of one stricken with mortal anguish, broke upon the stillness of the library. Amazed, Tremaine and his son started to their feet. Then came the sound of a heavy fall.

"What can be the matter?" cried Tremaine.

"It came from the closet in this room!" exclaimed Oswald.

Then both the men hurried to the closet door at the further end of the apartment and hastily opened it. And there, in a dead swoon upon the floor of the closet, lay the old man, Whitehead, the secretary.

(Continued next week—commenced in No. 9.)

Brave Eulalie.

A STORY OF TO-DAY.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

"He will come this way directly, boys. Hark! I believe he is coming now."

The speaker bent forward to catch the sound he had indistinctly heard.

"Yes, he is really coming. Have you got the ropes ready?"

"Yes, all ready," said a brutish-looking fellow.

"He is in the hollow now. When I whistle, you will dart forward, jerk him from the saddle, and I will help you tie him."

Then, in silence, the trio awaited the man whom they had doomed to a terrible death beneath the iron wheels of the locomotive.

Ira Freeman, the first speaker, was a handsome fellow. He had just overstepped the bounds of his twenty-fourth year, and, so young, we find him the concocter of as fiendish a deed as ever entered the brain of man. He might have been living in a populous Eastern State; had he not committed a crime which shall here be nameless. Forced to fly from justice, he sought the Far West, where, under the name of George Gillott, he continued his life of crime and debauch.

During his wanderings, among the dwellers in our new territories, he encountered Eulalie Frost, the only daughter of a well-to-do emigrant from Illinois.

Aided by his good conversational powers and captivating address, he met a welcome at the fireside of the Frosts, whose hospitality he returned by marking the beautiful and innocent Eulalie for his victim.

The days wore away, and Ira Freeman saw that Eulalie was drawing near the rocks that had wrecked so many of her sex. She believed the tale he told her of his persecutions, and wondered if she could make him happy by becoming his wife.

One day Eulalie imparted a piece of information that chased the color from the cheeks of the suitor, and caused him to fear that his scheming was suddenly to come to an unsatisfactory ending.

The startling information amounted to this: Her cousin Paul was to arrive at their house the approaching night. He was doubtless in West Station, then, and would ride over in the evening.

Had Freeman not known Paul Gaylord, he would not have started at the information. But he knew Paul, who knew him, and the crime that had caused his banishment into the wilds of the West. Paul must not see him in his uncle's house; he must never reach it!

These two thoughts were ever uppermost in the villain's brain, as he left Eulalie; and he sought two men who would, for a few shining dollars, stoop to commit the foulest crime in the decalogue.

He knew the road Paul Gaylord would traverse in going from West Station to the home of his uncle. Accompanied by his hired ruffians he proceeded to a dreary stretch of timber which skirted the road, and waited for his victim.

As we have seen, the sound of Paul's horse's feet had reached their ears. Presently horse and rider loomed up between them and the star-gemmed heavens. Freeman stepped out from the trees.

"Hello, Paul!"

Paul Gaylord drew rein and tried to see the features of the speaker, whose voice he failed to recognize.

"Do you not recognize me, Paul—Ira Freeman?"

"Ira Freeman?" exclaimed the young man, stretching forth his hand, and forgetting the crime of the man before him.

"Ah! you know me now, Paul! How are all the folks at Castleton? Can you not alight and have a chat with me?"

"No, Ira; I want to reach uncle's as soon as possible. It is so long since I saw them, you know."

"Don't be in a hurry, Paul. Tell me all about Castleton. If you will not alight, I will stand here while you talk."

Thus importuned, Paul Gaylord opened his budget of news, and in the midst of his talk he was interrupted by a shrill whistle from his single auditor. The next instant two men sprang from the timber, and while one proceeded to drag him from the saddle the other seized the bridle.

Ira Freeman drew a revolver and leveled it at his head.

"Aha! so you have turned, highwayman," said Paul. "Your crime in Castleton makes you a worthy successor to Duval and Jonathan Wilde."

"I am not a highwayman, Paul Gaylord. Not a cent of your money shall be touched. John, is he securely bound?"

"Yes."

"I'll take care of the horse. Pick him up, boys, and let us finish the work as soon as possible."

The ruffians raised Paul Gaylord and carried him away, while Freeman followed with the horse. In a short time they paused, and placed the young man on the railroad track. Then their diabolical intention flashed upon him.

"What is this for, Ira Freeman?" he demanded, turning his eyes toward the hunted violator of the law. "I never harmed you. I was one of the last to believe you guilty."

"Truer words were never spoken, Paul Gaylord; but, notwithstanding it, you must die. I scruple not to tell the reason now. For months I have been a visitor at your uncle's house, and I have been paying attention to your fair cousin."

Paul shuddered at the danger of his cousin; but not at his own.

"I have her almost in my power, and your arrival would upset the whole affair. You would tell her about the crime I committed in Castleton, and, instead of loving, she would loathe me."

"Yes, and the very ground you tread on. You are acting for your self-interest. Were I to reach my relative, she should know all."

"In view of these facts you must die. We could put a bullet through your head, but that would look like murder. Therefore, we will bind you upon the track, and when the train has completed my work, we will return and carry away the ropes."

A few minutes' work sufficed to bind Paul securely to the track, and after the last words were spoken, a gag was placed in his mouth to prevent his cries procuring him assistance.

With a triumphant heart Ira Freeman strode away. Suddenly he paused.

"Strike a light, Mike," said Freeman. "The accursed stars do not give light enough to let a fellow see the hands on his watch."

The man called Mike lit a match and Freeman looked at his chronometer.

"Just nine o'clock. In twenty minutes the train will come crashing along here, and then all will be over. Paul Gaylord, do you hear what I say?" he called to his victim. "It is nine o'clock. You have twenty minutes to live. It strikes me that you will have to do some lively praying. Good-by!"

Then they walked away, and left the brave fellow to his fate.

The night was beautiful and pleasant, and as the trio walked toward the dwelling of Mr. Frost, which was but a mile distant from the track, they conversed about their damnable deed.

Suddenly they heard a noise to their right, and they paused. They listened; but the noise was not repeated.

"Come on, boys," said Freeman, at last. "I guess it was a fox or some other night animal frightened from its roost. Now, right yonder we separate. You can go down to your cabin and I will go to Frost's. When two hours have elapsed you will meet me at the river oak. Do you hear?"

"I reckon we ain't deaf," answered one of the pair. "We will meet you there. Come, Mike, let's get to our shanty as quick as possible; for I am as hungry as a famished wolf."

Alone Ira Freeman entered the home of the Frosts. He found husband and wife seated before the fireplace.

"Come, sit down, Mr. Gillett," said Mrs. Frost. "Eulalie ran over to Mr. Parton's a short time ago, and it is near time for her to return. Do not go, but remain till Eulalie returns. Our nephew will be with us directly. Have you ever seen him?"

"I have never had that pleasure," said the visitor, as his thoughts reverted to the looked-for nephew bound to the track. "I shall be pleased to see him. I will remain till Eulalie returns."

He seated himself between the old couple, and continued the conversation.

The minutes rolled by; but Eulalie did not come. Where was she?

Bending over the form of Paul Gaylord, was a woman—one whose golden ringlets glistened in the starlight as they fell over her shoulders. She tugged at the ropes, till blood dripped from the ends of the daintiest fingers, and her strength was nearly exhausted.

"It is no use to kill yourself, Eulalie," said Paul. "Stand off and let me die. The train is undoubtedly behind time, and, at any moment, it is liable to come around the curve. I am not afraid to die, Eulalie, sweet cousin. It will soon be over. One revolution of the wheels, and my spirit will have flown to the God who gave it me."

Oh! I am so glad that you know the black heart that beats in the breast of Ira Freeman! Yes, Eulalie, let me die. Give me your hand, and go to your home and denounce the villain."

"I will not go, Paul," said the girl, determinedly. "I shall work till the train comes, and then if you are not released, why—why—I'll die with him!" she finished, inaudibly.

Again she tugged at the ropes that bound her cousin to the wood and iron, but not a single knot could she undo. Unfortunately Paul did not possess a knife or other sharp instrument.

Suddenly Eulalie paused.

"Paul, have you a match about your person?"

"Yes, Eulalie, in my right vest-pocket."

The brave girl found it.

Leaving her cousin, she gathered a lot of leaves, which she placed on the track some distance from him, toward the curve. Then upon the leaves she placed dry twigs, gathered from beneath the boughs. Oh, how she toiled to increase the heap. Every moment was precious, and she did not let it flit away in idleness.

Suddenly the rumbling of the train smote upon her ears. She started as though struck by a bullet, and then stooped by the great heap. She applied the lighted match to the dry leaves, and flames shot upward and crackled among the twigs. Higher and brighter grew the flames, and Eulalie's brave little heart beat fast with excitement. Presently the train rounded the curve, and the brilliant headlight dazzled the eyes of the girl.

Her heart now beat with fear, for the train came thundering on. Would it dash through the fire and scatter the brands over Paul, preparatory to grinding him to death beneath its iron wheels? The thought was crazing, and stepping to Paul's side she knelt and clasped his hands.

Higher and higher shot the flames, and on, on, thundered the train. Eulalie gave herself up for lost, and closed her eyes.

Suddenly the bell of the locomotive commenced to clang. The noise reached Eulalie's heart, and she raised her head. Her heart leaped with hope, for the glaring headlight came on slower.

Presently she saw a bearded face at the fire, and a minute later a hand clutched her arm.

"What does this fire mean, miss? Who made it?"

"I, sir, to save a life," replied Eulalie. "A villain bound my cousin, here, to the track. I could not free him, so I built a fire on the track, hoping to stop your train."

The engineer stooped, and Paul Gaylord stood erect, a free man!

"Bound you to the track, eh? Who is so devilish? I had a notion to run right through the fire; but I got a glimpse of this little girl's white skirt."

Paul told the name of the author of his troubles.

"There's a sheriff on my train after a fellow what run away from the East. I'll bet my engine that he's the fellow. By George! young man, it's lucky for you that we're behind time."

The sheriff was sought and Freeman proved to be the rogue he was after. The officers and a posse of exasperated passengers accompanied Eulalie and Paul to the house, where, after a desperate resistance, the villain was secured. He was taken East, where he is doomed for life to look upon the outside world through the "ten of diamonds."

The noise the trio had heard in the woods, while going from the spot of their diabolical work, was caused by Eulalie, who was returning from Parton's. She heard enough of their conversation to tell her the situation of her cousin, and she at once hastened to his rescue.

Paul Gaylord remained at his uncle's until the second of March, this very year, when he and Eulalie departed for the East.

A fortnight since the following appeared in an eastern paper:

"MARRIED: April 20th, by Rev. R. H. Chalmers, Mr. Paul Gaylord to Miss Eulalie Frost."

Two souls with but a single thought,
Two hearts that beat as one.

Should Paul not love his little wife, reader?
He does.

A LAUGHING TRIO!

In its Humorous Department the SATURDAY JOURNAL is distinguished above any popular paper. The exclusive possession of such wits and drolleries as

Beat Time,

Washington Whitehorn,
And Joe Jot, Jr.,

gives to each and every issue of the Journal elements of rare and peculiar interest. Their wit is not that counterfeit presentment which seeks by distorted orthography to hide its want of merit; but is the real thing, making even the soberest of soberides give way to smiles. If it is true that a "real humorist is a public benefactor," then the SATURDAY JOURNAL is thrice blessed, for these more agreeable and laughable companions than those named it is not possible to find in American Journalism.

OUR GALAXY OF POETS!

Comprises many favorite names, viz: Alice and Phoebe Cary; Clara Augusta; A. W. Bellow; J. G. Manly, Jr.; the sparkling Rose Raymond; Mrs. Henry C. Peters, etc., etc. We have also for early use some "gems of purest ray serene" from these hands.

OH! I MUST SEE.

A noble ship is anchored in the bay;
She sails to-morrow by the break of day.
Like bounding dolphin on the wave she rides,
The wavelets rippling on her rounded sides.

Like some great bird of ocean flying free,
She too will spread her pinions o'er the sea;
Ah! what a world of pleasant thoughts and things,
For those who walk beneath her snowy wings!

Oh! I must see the land where palm-trees grow—
The deserts where the dry siroccos blow;
The summer isles whose skies do never weep,
Where fearless divers plunge beneath the deep.

Oh! I must see the mermaids—hear them sing,
Where coral caves with siren music ring;
Behold the turbaned Turk, the Chinaman,
The ancient river Nile, and far Japan.

Oh! I must see the icebergs gleaming bright,
Where all the year is but one day and night;
The reindeer coursing over fields of snow,
By seas where the great whale and walrus go.

Oh! I must see the bread-fruit on its tree,
And all the bright-winged birds uncaged and free;
The tiger crouching in the jungle's dell;
The lordly lion and the soft gazelle.

Oh! I must see the ocean in that hour
When landmen quail before its stormy power;
And while upon the mountain waves we ride,
Feel in my heart the sailor's noble pride.

'Tis vain, my mother! Do not bid me stay;
A spirit calls me, and I must away;
Weep not, sweet sister! I shall come again.
Hark! 'tis the ocean ringing in my ears;
I must obey its summons spite your tears.

Run Into.

A SEA SKETCH.

BY ROGER STARBURCK.

COLONEL LEFFERTS and his daughter Clara, Americans, having visited some relatives in England, were now bound home to New York, aboard the ship Mantox—a beautiful clipper of the "Star" line.

Among the passengers, the colonel had recognized and introduced to his daughter two acquaintances: one a handsome, pompous, self-sufficient young man, named Henry Maxon, the other a plain, quiet, sun-browned naval officer of twenty-five, whom the colonel called Lieutenant Lyon.

Both men were anxious to improve their acquaintance with Clara, one of the most attractive of her sex.

About the average height of woman, her form was lithe and willowy; her step as light as an antelope's, her voice like rippling music. The expression of her face with its clear complexion, regular features and soft, dark-brown eyes, was truly beautiful.

Her manner was a mixture of *naïveté* and gentle dignity; she was at all times full of life, without being either noisy or silly.

Henry Maxon, accustomed to female society, in which he had the reputation of being a favorite, made up his mind to win the girl. She was just the woman he wanted; would show off to advantage with her queenly bearing, her accomplishments, and lively manner—would make other men stare, admire and envy. Yes, he would at once go to work, and before the vessel arrived at New York, would be an accepted lover.

Accordingly he dashed ahead, made himself agreeable, and was listened to by Clara with much apparent interest.

He had a capital way of relating the many adventures and hair-breadth escapes through which he said he had passed during his travels.

As to Lieutenant Lyon, modest to a fault, he would only stand and admire the young lady at a distance, supremely happy when, at odd moments, he caught the flash of her brown eyes upon him, sometimes even when Maxon was in the very thick of his daring adventures.

Clara had noticed that Maxon never failed to make himself the hero of these adventures, and always the *victor* of his battles.

"In some things he is agreeable," thought she. "But it is plain he is an egotist. Still, I have seen men, and papa says he has seen such, also, who, while great boasters, could strike as bravely as they talked. Maxon is probably one of that kind."

Although Lieutenant Lyon had exchanged but a few words with Clara, she had, from the first, felt interested in him.

Nevertheless, although liking modesty in a man, it struck her that he was a little too diffident.

There must be a lack of energy; otherwise he would not let Maxon gain her ear so constantly, in preference to himself. Then came the thought that perhaps Lyon did not find her attractive enough to take the trouble.

This *piqued* her, while it excited still more her interest in the young officer.

The latter, one morning while Maxon was relating an adventure, had been scrutinizing the sky to windward with a keen glance.

"We are going to have a storm; is it not so?" remarked Henry, turning to Lyon.

The officer, who was only a few paces distant, answered in the affirmative.

"I thought so," said Maxon to Clara. "I know something of the sea myself, having done much boating and yachting. Once I saved a ship and passengers, while captain and crew were drunk, by taking the wheel myself. I always was pretty cool in danger, you know. On another occasion, by expert swimming—I am an excellent swimmer, as your father, who has seen me at bathing places, can vouch for—I saved a lady passenger, who had fallen overboard. Here comes the storm!" he suddenly added, pointing away toward white water to windward, tossed up beneath a mass of dark, advancing clouds.

"I do not think it will be very heavy," he continued, turning to Lyon. "You are mistaken, sir; we are to have a heavy gale."

"What would you do, in case I should fall overboard?" remarked Clara, half playfully, to Maxon. "You would not, probably, deem me worth saving."

"Could I risk my life for you a thousand times," answered Maxon, "I should do so. Nothing would deter me from jumping overboard after you!"

"And what would you do, if my daughter should fall overboard?" came the hearty voice of Colonel Lefferts, as he laid a hand upon Lyon's shoulder. "Would you jump after her?"

Clara looked up eagerly and inquisitively, awaiting Lyon's reply.

"It would depend on circumstances," he said, quietly.

"Pray, what circumstances?"

"If there was no chance of Miss Lefferts' being saved by my jumping after her, I would not do so. For instance, if she fell to leeward, and was carried off, while it was too rough to lower a boat, I would not jump, as it would do no good. We should only both be drowned."

To Clara this seemed indeed very ungallant, if not cowardly.

"There can not be much chivalry in this man's nature," she thought. "I should not wonder even if he is a coward."

As to Maxon, nothing could have been more fierce than the indignant flash of his eye, while to Clara it seemed that his whole soul burst forth in these words, leveled at Lyon's devoted head:

"What, sir, would you for a moment hesitate? *Could you hesitate?* Why, sir, I am astonished—I can not conceive of such—such—behavior! If I could not save her, I would die with her—I would, really. I must say, sir," he added, bringing his cane fiercely to the deck, "that, with your sentiments, you must be a—"

"What?" inquired Lyon, turning his quiet eye upon the speaker.

"A—very singular person!"

A minute later the good ship, shrouded in the spray of a fierce tempest, was booming along with her lee-rail under, and the seas washing almost constantly over her weather bulwarks.

As if it was being wrenched asunder, while the tall masts, swaying and cracking, seemed about going by the board.

The shrieking of the gale, the thunder of the rolling ocean, the slatting of the sails, many of which, torn from their gaskets, were whipping about with the din of musketry, somewhat confused Clara, as she was helped toward the cabin by her father—the colonel, on one side, and Maxon on the other.

The gale kept increasing. Toward night it blew almost a hurricane, so that at times the ship was nearly buried in the flying waters.

At eight bells (eight o'clock), it had somewhat abated.

About this time the voice of the look-out man pierced all ears:

"Light, 'O!—right ahead!"

"Port helm!" shouted the captain.

The next moment a fearful cry went through the ship.

The rudder was damaged, so that it would not work as required.

"God help us! we shall be run down!" exclaimed the captain. "Worse than all, we have but one boat, the others having been carried away."

"This is dreadful!" exclaimed Maxon, running hither and thither in a rather suspicious flurry. "Save the vessel! save the vessel!"

Unfortunately the other craft was bearing straight for the ship, which evidently was not seen by those aboard the approaching vessel, owing to the storm-rack, which must conceal her light.

The catastrophe, which was inevitable, soon came.

With a long, grinding crash, the stranger struck the Mantox diagonally on her quarter, almost cutting a hole clean through her timbers, so that the doomed ship began to go down as the water poured into her hold.

White and trembling, Clara clung to her father, while Maxon was seen still running hither and thither, begging—supplicating everybody to save the vessel.

The craft, now almost upon her beam-ends, with the water pouring over her, was lurching fearfully—settling more every moment.

The solitary boat was lowered. Into it, the first man, sprang Maxon, and sat cowering and shivering in the bow. The boat was soon full.

"The rest must perish," said the captain. "What else can we do?"

"Cut away your fore and mizzen masts!" in clear, steady voice, answered Lyon, who, from the first, had remained cool and collected. "That will give us all something to cling to."

With his own hand he cut away the mizzen, while the captain and several of the men cut the fore. The mainmast was left standing for fear of swamping the boat.

Meanwhile, the colonel had been endeavoring to get Clara into the boat.

She was about stepping off the gangway, when a sea struck the sinking ship, whirling the girl like a shot, from her father's grasp down the companion, into the half-submerged cabin.

"My child! my child!" shrieked the colonel, who had slipped and fallen into the boat, as the ship again rolled to leeward. Save my child! She is aboard the sinking ship!"

He spoke to Maxon, who, however, cowering, until his head seemed to go down between his shoulders, only answered with a pitiful whine, not attempting to move.

Before the colonel could leave the boat, the little vessel was clear of the wreck, which was now half under water.

All the men who were not in the boat, were now clinging to the masts, which had been cut away, but were still attached to the wreck by a stay or two.

Lyon was among those clinging to the mizzen. He had supposed that Clara had been safely put into the boat, until he heard the wild voice of her father, shrieking out as mentioned.

With the leap of a tiger, he was aboard the wreck, in an instant.

"Come back!" screamed the captain; "it is too late! You can do nothing now! The ship will go down before you can save the lady."

Headless of that warning voice, the young man plunged into the cabin.

Just then, with a fearful lurch, down went the wreck, the captain now severing the mast from it with one blow of the ax he carried.

"Gone! lost!" he exclaimed, alluding to Clara and Lyon, as the waters closed over the wreck.

A minute later, however, the young man rose alongside the mast, with Clara in one arm.

Emerging from the cabin with her, as the wreck sunk, he had, while under water, clutched one of the iron sheets, by which he had drawn his fair burden and himself to the surface.

There is little to add. The ship, which had run into them having tacked, all were safely picked up in a few hours.

They were treated kindly aboard this vessel, which proved to be the Baron, bound to Liverpool. She reached her destined port in safety, whence the castaway passengers finally sailed for New York.

There, with the hearty sanction of Colonel Lefferts, Lyon eventually married the beautiful girl he had so gallantly rescued, and who had said she could never forgive herself for having made such an error as to mistake modesty and temperate language for a lack of energy and bravery.

As to Maxon, he is still at large, edifying those who do not know him with accounts of his courageous adventures.

Hints and Helps.

The Art of Letter-Writing.—"Oh, I can't write a good letter!" exclaims a lady friend, upon being reproved by another lady friend for dilatoriness in correspondence. How often we hear that same exclamation! And never do we hear it but we express surprise, for it really is so easy to write a good letter, that early education must indeed be deficient to let a child or grown person become possessed of a contrary idea. In a late number of a magazine we have the question of letter-writing very happily discussed, and these clever hints given: "One of the most necessary qualities for a really good letter, is expressed better by the French word *abandon* than by any other. You must throw yourself into your subject without reservation; your petty insincerities, your usual social hypocrisies must be laid aside. And as there are no eyes looking at you from the fair white page to shame you into shy reserve, what delicious confidence one can make under these encouraging circumstances! You rely upon the discretion of the friend to whom you are writing, or you would not call him or her your friend—why then should you stickle at a frank word? The letters which we prize most are those which are written for ourselves alone; do we take very much satisfaction in the epistle which might as appropriately be addressed to Tom, Dick, or Harry? The savor which gives our friend's letter its zest, is the purely personal interest it contains, the fact of its being a letter which could by no possibility have been written by, or addressed to any other person; in short, its individuality." But, in this very *abandon* there is danger, as every person knows who writes *every thing* there is in mind. Some reserves are very necessary, if we would keep out of trouble or preserve our friend's respect.

The Harmony of Colors.—The choice of color in our apparel is quite an art if we really hope to dress in good taste. A knowledge of the harmonies of colors, and the antipodes of each to the other, is always exercised by accomplished modistes to prevent that gawky, *outré* appearance that an ill-dressed woman invariably presents. The first thing to be considered, in assorting colors for female apparel, is to adapt them to the color of the skin and complexion; for which purpose we class the wearers into two types—the one with light hair and blue eyes; the other with black hair and dark eyes. Light hair may be considered as exhibiting a mixture of red, yellow and brown, producing a pale orange brown; the color of the skin, although of a lower tone, is analogous to it, except in the red parts. Blue eyes, then, are really the only parts of the fair type which form a contrast with the *ensemble*; for the red parts produce with the rest of the skin only a harmony of analogy of hue, or, at most, a contrast of hue and not of color; and the parts of the skin contiguous to the hair, the eyebrows and eyelashes, give rise only to a harmony of analogy. The black-haired type, considered in the same way as the type with fair hair, shows us the harmonies of contrast predominating over the harmonies of analogy. In fact, the hair, eyebrows, eyelashes and eyes contrast in tone and color, not only with the white of the skin, but also with the red parts, which in this type are really redder than the blonde type. If we consider the colors which generally pass as assorting best with light or black hair, we shall see that they are precisely those which produce the greatest contrasts; thus sky-blue, known to accord well with blondes, is the color that approaches the nearest to the complementary of orange, which is the basis of the tint of their hair and complexions.

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"Who is the author known as 'Lennox Wylder'?" asks a very solicitous friend. He is Lennox Wylder—a very captivating romanticist, who writes exclusively for the SATURDAY JOURNAL. Another story from his vivacious pen is already in hand and will be given in due time.

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"EVERY TIME" can hardly hope to vie with our "BEAT TIME." We don't want to engage him.

Can not use "ARAPHARIA." It is too long for a single issue and a sketch or story of its nature should not be "continued." The MS. is held subject to the author's orders.

The poem "GOLDEN COUNTRY" is hardly perfect enough as a poem to be put in print. The sentiment is good and some lines are very well expressed.

Poems "AUTUMN EVENING" and "IRISH HUNTER" are much too imperfect for print. The writer has not much to learn both of the rules of versification and of the constituents of a good poetic expression. MS. returned.

"THE OROONOO" is well enough as a paper on a specific theme but is rather out of place in a popular paper. Give it to some magazine.

"HEAVY HAND" is good as a certain kind of sensational ten-cent novel. It is not devoid of merit but is too coarse and crude for any of our publications. We demand, in all cases, literary as well as dramatic excellence in novels for the paper or for any of our popular series of cheap publications.

MS. "HEROISM AND ITS REWARD" unavailable. No stamps for return, and MS. destroyed.

The poem "SUNSHINE OF LIFE" is good enough for an after-dinner smile. It will assist digestion by producing an expansion of the buttons. We quote, verbatim:

The flowers of the earth, they too are dark,
In beauty, when days are gloomy;
But sunshine change a blooming spark—
Of brightness, too show a growing fidelity,
At labor never frown in sorrowing dissent,
Nor weep tears of pity about you self;
But like the busy bee ever encouraged—
By honey gathered—A sunshine life!
Industry, is it look'd upon as a doom,
Is look'd upon—as companion of strife?
Ah no! it is the smile, the comfort of a home,
Industry the honorary sunshine of life.
Drive hatred and deceit into oblivion,
An jealousy, the offspring of madness,
Cherish meekness and kindness—a blessing—
Of life—a sunshine of gladness!

Foolscap Papers.

Some Old Names.

A NAME, according to my dictionary, which is now completed from A to Absalom, and from Alpha to O meager, is a little huddle of letters, suggestive of a certain sound; although the bearer may not be very sound himself. There are names which follow me out from the scenes of my childhood—for even I was once a little boy, and I am not old enough yet to be ashamed of it—names which are part of my memory, and which also are forever fixed in the annals of the little village where it was always my wish to be born, and where I was raised afterward. I like to reach over the side of the little yawl in which I am sailing o'er life's dark sea, and pick these names up as they float around me, and give myself up to reveries which make me feel almost as much pleased as if I was making money, or making soap.

BOBBY CALDER.

This name brings before me an old Englishman, who was the keeper of a little old grocery, whose stock consisted of every thing which a cent could buy. Indeed, it was the general repository of all the odd coppers that fell, foully or fairly, into the fingers of us boys in the village. He was just the man to keep just such a store; clad in an apron always, which only prevented the dirt on his clothes from wearing off—an old hat, which probably at the time of William the Conqueror served its time as a coal-scuttle—a low pair of old shoes, which needed blacking, and a pair of socks that didn't, he seemed a perfect representative of those speckled sticks of candy in speckled

jars; speckled bunches of Chinese crackers in speckled boxes, and speckled every thing lying on speckled shelves. A bowl of bread and milk was the only fare for him, and his two old cats which occupied his bunk at night, and in the daytime, according to the traditions prevalent among us then, stood ready to pounce upon and scratch the eyes out of any little boy who got his fingers into the barrel where the sugar and the flies were kept. And when, by some great fortune, a boy would come into possession of the fabulous sum of five cents silver, (which was seldom,) and he would go to old Bobby's to buy two cigars for a cent, with a handful of matches thrown in, and hand him the mystic coin to take the amount of his bill out, it made that boy tremble to see old Bobby put it between his teeth and give it a bite to prove its metal, for every dollar was a hundred cents to him, and every cent was a dollar to us. It got abroad among us boys one day that Bobby was going to get a new hat, and the store was besieged all day by us to see the novelty, but if he ever got it, he was probably afraid or ashamed to wear it, and the last time I was there in the village, he was wearing the same old hat, apron, and shoes, although the apron gloriied in one new string. I sat in his store an hour, and saw a new generation of boys come in, just as we used to go in, and buy the very same things we used to buy—in no case laying out more than two cents; and I saw, too, that it was well that there was no silver among those boys, for all of Bobby's teeth were gone, and the boys of the next generation who read this sketch will doubt if there ever was such a man.

Mrs. SMIDE.

This name brings up from the past a lady who lived near us, and whose husband was addicted to drink.

Having no children, she took very kindly to my little sister and me, and every chance we could get, and even when we couldn't get a chance, we would run off over there, and each time we would get a large slice of bread and butter, with sugar on it. Think of it, sugar! Sugar is the dream of the child, and the disgust of a man—at present prices. When we would get home, we would find there was a bitter to every sweet; but here, though that time is far away, and on that name there came to be a stain of the world, this is one of the sweetest memories we have, and time nor stain can dispel it.

JOE SACKWIND.

This name brings before me as warm-hearted and good-natured an old soul as ever was continually getting into debt, and other scrapes. The dust of many years whitened his hair, but there always lurked a merry twinkle in his eye, like a rat in a woodpile. Joe was never married, preferring rather to be a bachelor of the arts of the carpenter trade, than to be a bachelor of hearts.

He was once putting in a new water-wheel to a mill in the edge of the village, if it had any edge, when a hunter from the backwoods coming up, told him he had heard tell of that new fixin', and had walked five mile to see it, but he didn't think they could get up a wheel that'd beat that 'un out on Wild-Cat Creek, anyhow. Now, the new wheel was directly where the old one used to be, and of course there was a large and deep hole beneath it, but very shallow a little ways out, and pieces of wood were lying about on the top of the water, which was muddy and stationary, as the gates were down. Old Joe gave me a wink as I sat watching him at his work, and told greeny, to get a better view of it, he must get directly under the wheel. Rifle in hand, he stepped on the blocks which were lying in the shallow place, and then gave a jump to one which was lying in deep water, but which he thought was touching ground, and by an irresistible law of gravitation, went to the bottom with his ears wet. He crawled out, threatening to lick Joe, and as I ran off, I don't know whether he did, as Joe never would talk about it after that.

WASHINGTON WHITEHORN.

HINTS TO YOUNG WRITERS.

II.

In these days, when every one somehow gets the idea that he is a poet, it is truly difficult often to tell what deserves the name of poetry, and what does not. This is an age undoubtedly fertile of rhyme, if not of poetry, and what many can do is easily picked up by others, and so the art of stringing lines together is too often dignified nowadays with the misnomer of poetry. One in reading poetry picks up a few poetical phrases and ideas—remembers them, and after a while reproduces them, (necessarily in an inferior dress,) with the idea that he has done something new—written something original—while it is just the old story over, again. But you may ask, if one reads much poetry is he not too apt, and it is possible for him not to show it in his own attempts? We say certainly; if he endeavors to avoid it. The more you read the better judge you are of what is original, and the better qualified to avoid it. People have no heart to read in a poor dress what they have seen gorgeously appareled by others, though the flatteries of the miscalled friend may induce you to think the merit of your productions extraordinary. But, don't be misled by such; prefer the opinion of the stranger to that of a friend, and control and regulate your conduct in such a matter more in conform-

ity with the opinions of the former, than the latter. In writing verses (poetry or not as the case may be), aim at composing little and to give that the right ring, and some degree of excellence. After a while, even as in writing practice enables you to combine skill and dispatch, you will find yourself able to pen off scores of lines with credit to yourself with accelerated ease. But if you imagine you can write with haste and yet with excellence, and practice this belief, it will do irretrievable damage to yourself, whether your verses are poetry or not. As mentioned in another article, the greatest poets have labored for hours over a few lines, rather than allow a careless production to go from their hands. Much more should you imitate them, and remember what time and pains Moore bestowed on his Lalla Rookh, Campbell on his Pleasures of Hope, or Gray on his immortal elegy. Then we say, though you may never hope to rival them, "Go and do likewise." Then in writing a poem don't allow yourself to wander from the subject you have chosen. If you write a ballad, don't begin to moralize in the middle of it, or (to use a slang phrase) don't "spout" sentiment. If you use adjectives, endeavor to make them striking, apt and original in their application, and endeavor of all things to avoid a turgid or classical diction in writing poetry. Let your words be good telling Saxon ones.

A GOOD NAME.

"I don't care what people think," said a young lady not long since, on being told that a certain act would be viewed with disfavor by her friends. I was sorry to hear the remark, and especially from one whom I esteemed. Her character was at once depreciated in my estimation. I hold it as a general rule, that persons who are regardless of the good opinion of their fellow-men, are not likely to attain a very high position in society.

But in saying that we should desire the good opinion of others, I would not intimate that we should do anything wrong to gain it. Nor do I consider it necessary. I believe the object may be most effectually secured by making it an invariable rule to do right, whatever some people may think; for, although we should not be indifferent with respect to our standing in the public estimation, a higher object is the faithful discharge of duty. It is gratifying, however, to know, that the more strictly we practice the right, the more certain are we to secure the public esteem. A virtuous deportment commands respect even from the bad, however disinclined they may be to follow our example or court our association.

A good name is something to be proud of. It is a just cause of gratitude as well as satisfaction, that we have been restrained from those habits and practices which debase and ruin so many characters. A good name increases our capacity for usefulness. One who does not enjoy the respect of the community has little influence for good. Usefulness is a source of happiness. There is much satisfaction in knowing that we have done good; and this satisfaction is consistent with a humble estimate of our own worth. The most conspicuous examples of usefulness—the greatest benefactors the world has known—have been found among the most "lowly in heart."

A good name will not infallibly shield us against detraction and calumny. The best persons are sometimes traduced. But it should afford us consolation to know, that these occasional injuries to the character of the virtuous, if undeserved, are generally temporary. Good men outlive the effects of the most ingenious slanders. But if there should be some exceptions to this rule, and we should be among them, we may be assured that the grave will not have been long closed over us, before our good names will experience a happy resurrection, and be held in "everlasting remembrance."

If by a course of well-doing we have gained a good name, let us be careful to preserve it. The wise man has said, "A good name is better than precious ointment"—and again, "better than riches." It is not only better for ourselves; it will be to our children a far richer inheritance, than would be the millions bequeathed by a Girard or an Astor.

With such evidence of the value of a good name, it is to be regretted that there are so many who, like the young lady referred to, "don't care what people think of them." To whom is such a name more valuable than to a young woman? What is she without it? It is painful to think how many there are of this class of persons, who seem to place a higher estimate upon the "precious ointment" with which they perfume the air in which they move, than upon the odor of a good name.

OLD LETTERS.

I had been sick, almost unto death—body and soul. The physical pain had caused me to yield up the expectation of life; the sorrows of my spirit had taken away the desire of it. Still I grew better, almost against my wish, until I could sit up an hour or two at a time. Then I began to feel a nervous desire for excitement—excitement greater than my books, my friends, the little world around could afford me. In this restless state, one day happened to think of my letter-chest, and had it brought to my room and laid open beside me. Slow-

ly then, and carefully, I began to overlook each neatly arranged file. What a revelation! What dreams, what hopes, what joys, and alas, what sorrows! Was it true that I had once been a moving spirit in the scenes recorded here?—that I had loved so much, and been so loved as these long-hidden witnesses testified anew? Had my mother lavished such anxious tenderness upon me? Had my sister given me such abundant love and confidence? Had many friends flattered and caressed me in words of eloquent meaning? Had lovers praised my beauty and my virtues in such endearing terms?

How then had I become the wretched being that I was? The letters of a few later years told all!

In the two weeks given to convalescence, the reading of those neglected letters passed my whole life in review before me, and made me happier and more miserable by turns. But I had not yet lightened my heart of its burden of weariness, nor escaped from the demon of discontent. I said gloomily to myself, "Nothing like this past life can ever come to me again: let me forget my bygone happiness, that I may not hereafter desire its impossible return." Therefore, day by day, I laid these once-precious pages in the flames of the grate, and saw them become a mere heap of white ashes. Would that I could redeem myself from the consequences of my folly! The ashes of those perished letters lie upon my heart. I have deprived myself of every clue to the past; henceforth I can never return to its contemplation, for I have buried its joys in oblivion, by my own voluntary act. The dreary present, and hopeless future, are all that remain to me; and I suffer the remorse of one who in some insane mood has slain his dearest friend, and awakens to inquire for him, but to be reproached with his untimely death.

ALL SORTS OF MEN.

THERE is a great difference in men. Some are as true-hearted and unsuspicious as Newfoundland dogs; others are like rattlers, always nosing around under the impression that there is something going on that they don't understand. Some are noble and generous; others thoroughly mean and contemptible. Some are modest; others overrun with vanity and egotism. Some are invariably kind and considerate; others go about with their eyes shut, in utter ignorance of the trouble they are giving by their carelessness. Some slow and steady, and to be depended upon; others quite brilliant and unreliable. Some have a taste for detail, and attend to all the minutiae of a subject, while others care only for great principles, and require a thing to be gigantic before it arrests their attention. Men of genius are always uncomfortable to live with. Absorbed in one subject, they ignore trifles, and trifles make up the comfort or discomfort of life. Men have talents for different things, and some have a talent for making good husbands. It was probably neglect and annoyance that made Xantippe a shrew. The founder of the Stoics could not be expected to sympathize with the trials of housekeeping. Mediocrity is best suited to matrimony. One never wants to be too close to a brilliant light.

PERSEVERANCE.

PERSEVERANCE is a virtue much talked of, but little appreciated. What might be accomplished in the mental and moral world, as well as in the material one, if people would only put perseverance to the helm? Who is there who has not felt this in his or her experience?

How many times, when we are all alive to the beauty of good deeds, we yearn to perform them; we resolve that hereafter we will be more vigilant, more faithful in the performance of our duties; but the glow of our feelings dies out because the little virtue above mentioned is not practiced, and we fall back into our old way of acting on the impulse of the moment, and not according to our highest conviction of right.

How often we feel the ability to perform something with the talents given us, and we promise ourselves that we will rouse and try to make the most of our gifts! But the enthusiasm passes, and lack of time or energy prevents our carrying out our plans, and when we next review ourselves, we feel unmix regret at our lack of perseverance.

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Comes to us again in a new romance of the woods and glades of unique novelty. With characters less whimsical than those in his former popular tale, it is even more singular in incident, and absorbing in story.

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We have on hand something novel from the pen of the great romancer of the border, viz: *A BONA FIDE LOVE STORY*, proving that the gallant captain is as much "at home" with swains and damsels in love as with the savages and daring men of the plains.

ANOTHER BRILLIANT

By the author of "Hand, not Heart."

This ever welcome writer has not been resting on his success but has written expressly for us a new novel, intense in personal interest, graphic in expression and style, and highly satisfactory as to story. "Lennox Wylder" is likely to become a great favorite.

A new romance, of remarkable interest and dramatic verve, is soon to be commenced in these pages. It is one of several splendid serials which we have secured from favorite authors for our columns. Look out for them!

LITTLE LUCY.

BY ALICE CARY.

She took up life as easily
As if it were not new—
Reached for the sunshine on the grass,
And dabbled in the dew:
And grew acquainted with the rose
When Spring had trimmed her bowers,
As if she came to dwell with us,
From out a world of flowers.
She thought that by an unseen hand
The little birds were fed,
And that her blind lamb tenderly
Along his path was led.
She smiled at nightfall, and she smiled
To see the storm astir:
As if within her father's house
No harm could come to her.
She only learned the names of things
The brightest and most sweet,
For ere she stayed here long enough
The lesson to complete,
Death kissed her eyelids, and she fell
Asleep without a fear,
Trusting our love to keep her safe
Till morn should reappear.

City Life Sketches.

KATE ALLEN.

The Female Pickpocket.

BY AGILE PENNE.

On a bright afternoon in the month of April I sallied forth, intent upon visiting the Grand Bazaar in aid of "The Sheltering Arms," then being held in the Armory of the Thirty-seventh regiment on Broadway. Clothed in my best—a "pepper and salt" suit—with a half-blown white rose-bud—my especial favorite—in my button-hole, I went forth to see and be seen. Now, having my eye on a Sixth avenue car and thus proceeded rapidly up-town.

In the same car was a lady, exquisitely dressed, and in face handsome in the extreme.

I devoted a considerable portion of my time to shy glances at my charming neighbor, and finally came to the conclusion that she was about as pretty a woman as I had ever looked upon.

Judge of my delight, then on reaching Thirty-seventh street to see her—like myself—rise to alight from the car. Then the thought flashed upon my mind—possibly she, too, was going to the Bazaar!

My guess was right, for the lady did enter the armory. I followed close at her heels.

As we entered the hall—the lady only a few paces in advance of me—her handkerchief fluttered from her side to the ground. Here was a chance for an introduction, perhaps. Eagerly I sprang forward, caught the fragile cambric from the floor, and then overtaking the lady, with my best bow presented it to her.

Sweetly and modestly she thanked me for the slight service; said, softly, that she had expected to meet her cousin, and could not guess what had become of him; murmured a few words about how unpleasant it was for a lady to be in the midst of such a crowd without a protector. With a boldness that astonished even myself, I instantly offered her my arm and begged her to allow me to be her escort. I told my name, and explained that I was a writer for the press. After a few seconds of hesitation she accepted my offer.

Behold me then, arm in arm with this glorious creature, promading the spacious room to the sweet strains of the Navy Yard Band.

She was really a delightful creature—so lady-like, so modest, and with such a sweet smile and with such charming simplicity.

As we stood before one of the show-cases we became entangled in a crowd; a man, dressed in a "pepper and salt" suit, similar to my own, and wearing, too, a white rose-bud in his button-hole, pushed rudely by me, and as he passed he whispered in my ear:

"Ware hawk! The 'cops' are fly!" and then he disappeared in the crowd.

I was bewildered. I knew enough of the thieves "argot" to understand that the fellow meant that the police (cops) were on the watch, and that the rest of the sentence meant that I must be careful.

What the deuce does it all mean? Why should the stranger address such language to me?

Then another man bumped up against me. He, too, was dressed in a "pepper and salt" suit, and wore a white rose-bud in his button-hole.

"Stow the sugar 'n' light out!" ejaculated the second man in my ear; and then he, too, disappeared in the crowd.

For the life of me I could not understand it. Who on earth did they take me for, that they made these mysterious remarks to me?

Drawing apart from the crowd, the lady and I sauntered toward the lower end of the hall.

Briefly my companion told me who she was. By name Agnes Mordaunt, the daughter of a wealthy farmer of Orange county, she was making a brief visit to some relatives in the city. She would be delighted to have me call upon her at No. Twenty-third street.

Visions of happiness floated through my mind, for I confess, frankly, that I was half in love with the beautiful Miss Mordaunt, although our acquaintance was but a half an hour old.

Then we sauntered slowly back toward the crowd again. A man passed us; a little

fellow, with short black hair, and eyes as keen as a hawk's. He threw a rapid glance at Miss Mordaunt's face as he passed. It was quite an insolent look, and I felt half-tempted to call the fellow back and ask him what he meant by it.

I saw that Miss Mordaunt had noticed the fellow's glance, for her cheek grew a trifle pale, and some odd, ugly lines appeared about the corners of her mouth.

Then we got into the crowd again. Hardly had we entered it when a man stumbled violently against me.

"Git up an' git!" he cried in my ear, as he passed, and then I noticed that he, also, was dressed in a "pepper and salt" suit, and wore a white rose-bud in his button-hole! This was a most mysterious affair. Three men, all dressed like myself, all wearing a white rose-bud in their button-holes, had made it their business to run against me in the most outrageous manner, and whisper some cursed nonsense in my ear. If this was intended for a joke I felt that it was going altogether too far. For the second time I asked myself:

"What the deuce does it all mean?"

Then the crowd grew more dense. In fact, Miss Mordaunt and myself got pretty well squeezed, but finally we drew clear from the throng.

"I am tired. Will you escort me to the door?" asked my companion.

"Certainly," I replied, though sorry was I to part with her.

Then, as we made our way slowly to the door, a flashy-dressed fellow went rapidly past us.

"The 'cop's' tumbled to the little game; look out!" he said, in a guarded tone, as he went by.

Miss Mordaunt apparently did not hear this strange remark, for she took no notice of it. As for myself, I began to think that there must be something about my personal appearance, denoting that I was a member of the "dangerous classes"—as the papers style the thieves, etc., of New York—to have all these slang expressions addressed to me.

"Oh, Mr. Penne!" cried the lady, suddenly, "will you do me a favor? I'm afraid of having my pocket picked in the crowd outside. Will you take my wallet—I have considerable money in it—and keep it for me until I get into the car?"

"Certainly," I replied.

Then she gave me her wallet. It was quite a large one and quite full. I noticed this as I slid it into my breast-pocket.

"Wait for me outside, please," she said. "I see a friend from our town yonder, that I wish to speak to." And then she glided away from me, apparently in a great hurry. But, she had not proceeded twenty steps when she was accosted by the short-haired fellow that had stared so insolently at her. A few words passed between them and then she followed him into an apartment adjoining the main hall.

I couldn't understand all this. I was lost in wonder, when I felt a heavy hand laid upon my shoulder. Turning, I beheld a keen-eyed, heavy-bearded man.

"I want you!" he said, laconically.

"The deuce you do!" I ejaculated, in astonishment.

"Yes, come," he added.

"Where?" I questioned, in growing astonishment.

"Follow me and you'll probably find out," he said, with a wink.

I could not gainsay the truth of this, so I followed meekly and without a word. I began to believe that by some mistake a lot of lunatics had visited the Bazaar in aid of "The Sheltering Arms," and that I had encountered the whole party.

The heavy-bearded man conducted me to the apartment that I had seen Miss Mordaunt and the little black-haired man enter.

In the apartment I found Miss Mordaunt, the black-haired man, the three individuals in "pepper and salt" suits and with white rose-buds, who had tumbled against me, and, lastly, a squad of police!

"Now, sir, who are you?" questioned the little man, curly, after I had entered.

"By what right, sir, do you ask that question?" I asked, a little indignant at his tone.

"I'm Captain Cairnes of the Detective Police," cried the little man, sternly. "No fooling; answer my question."

Briefly I explained my name and business.

"Oh, gammon!" cried the detective, when I had finished; "you can't play that here. It's too 'thin.' Your 'pals' here, and he pointed to the three in "pepper and salt,"

"have owned up to that they came here on the 'pull' (that is, to pick pockets). Now make a clean breast of it!"

I assured the officer that I had spoken nothing but the truth.

"And this woman—do you know her?" the detective asked.

"Miss Mordaunt—well—I have known her only about a half an hour, sir," I replied, in a mist as to what all this meant.

"You see, sir," said Miss Mordaunt, in her low, sweet voice, "the gentleman confirms my statement. I suppose, now, you are satisfied that I am innocent in regard to this matter, and that I can depart."

"Yes," said the detective, in a surly way.

"No, sir!" I cried, indignantly, shoving my hands into my pockets. But, something in my right-hand pocket made me start as if my fingers had touched a snake coiled up there. Forth from the pocket I drew a gold watch, then a silver one, and lastly a well-stuffed pocket-book. A cry of horror broke from my lips.

"I may as well own up," said the taller of the three in the "pepper and salt." "It's all a mistake. We thought this gent was a partner of ours 'cos he was dressed just as we agreed to be, an' had the rose bud in his button-hole as a sign. So, when we lifted a 'ticker' we shoved it into this gent's pocket, thinkin' he was one on us. But I never tuck any thing."

"Nor I!" chorused the other two.

"Oh, you're innocent ducks—you are!" said the detective, with a sneer; "but I haven't got the proofs; so 'beant."

The three did not let the grass grow under their feet, but left instantly.

"I'd give a trifle to know what she did with that pocket-book!" said the detective, in disgust.

A horrible suspicion seized upon me.

"Who is that Miss Mordaunt?" I cried.

"Kate Allen, the smartest pickpocket in New York," said the detective.

"Then this pocket-book, which she asked me to keep for her—" I said, producing it.

"Was stolen by her from Judge Daily, not ten minutes ago?"

I hastened from that Bazaar a sadder and wiser man than when I entered it. And I never look at a handsome woman in a street car now, for fear that she may be a female pickpocket.

About a week after this little adventure, which might have had quite an unpleasant ending for me, business called me to Albany. I took a train via the Hudson River Railway. After taking a seat, a lady entered the car, accompanied by a gentleman in dark clothes. The man was the detective Cairnes, the woman Kate Allen, bound for the State Prison at Sing Sing. She had come to grief at last.



The Love Test.

A TALE OF A HEART TOO SORELY TRIED.

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

"You say you have won her heart. Are you sure of that, Harry?"

"If a man can be sure of anything, I have. I know, Van Vliet, you are skeptical about woman's love. But if you could have been in my place, when that beautiful girl laid her hand upon my shoulder, looked straight into my eyes, and confessed that she loved me—"

"She has confessed it?"

"With an earnestness that leaves no doubt of her sincerity. I might believe an angel to be false, not Ysabel Vallejo."

"Since that is the case, I suppose our yacht voyage must be given up. And what am I to do for the next two years?"

"Go with me round the world, as you promised."

"What! And the lady along with us? Of course you'll immediately get married."

"No, Van Vliet. Our yacht tour first, and the honeymoon afterward."

"But you don't mean to be gone two years?"

"Two years, as originally intended."

"Henry Clinton, it's a delicate thing to give counsel on; but I think you believe me to be your friend."

"I know it, Jerome. If you have a thought upon your mind, out with it. Have no fear of offending me."

"Don't you think it a dangerous experiment, leaving her so long alone? Ysabel Vallejo is a very young girl. Besides, you must remember she has been brought up in Havana. They have strange ideas as well as customs, these Spanish people; and you know she's half Spanish, Harry."

"All the more reason why I should be sure of her; and for that more than any thing else, have I determined on absenting myself. I have no fear. Ysabel loves me, and will be true till my return."

With a proud, confident air, Henry Clinton rose to his feet, and commenced pacing the apartment—an elegant smoking-room, in one of the mansions of Madison Square, of which he was sole lord and master.

Jerome Van Vliet, his visitor, remained in his chair, tranquilly smoking a cigar, at the same time regarding his friend through the nicotine cloud with a glance still slightly skeptical. Not of what his friend, in bosom confidence, had told him in regard to Ysabel Vallejo's love. He could not doubt that she loved him. It would have been strange if she had not; for, besides the advantages of family and fortune, he was one of the handsomest young men of the time. He was a type of the New Yorker, with that terseness of figure and absence of *gaucherie*—in short, a gracefulness, both of mind and person, for which the youth of New York city are justly celebrated.

But Van Vliet was some six years his senior, and had mixed more with the world, rather of fastness than fashion. This had produced the skepticism, with which his friend was accusing him. Clinton saw his own speech had not produced full effect, and continued:

"I know, Jerome, you think it a strange course for me to take. For all that, I'm determined on it; and I fancy you give me credit for sticking to a determination, when I've once made up my mind to it."

Van Vliet did give him credit. He knew that his friend had a will of his own. Who has not, owning a mansion in Madison Square, with a score or two of town lots fronting on the Avenue?

"And you have made up your mind to it?"

"I have, indeed!" The young man turned toward Van Vliet with an air of solemnity, such as he had not yet shown. "I know what you're thinking of, and am fully sensible of the danger you've hinted at. I don't believe there's any; but if there should be, better before marriage than after."

"True, Harry, true," assented his sage counselor.

rome, which I shall in due time disclose to you. If it succeed, I shall know whether Ysabel Vallejo be true. If not, she can never be my wife—she nor any other. I have given my heart once. It can not be bestowed again."

"And you promise you will be true to me—you promise it, Ysabel?"

The question was put to a young girl of marked Spanish features, but with a complexion whose brilliancy showed a mixture of Northern blood. It was Ysabel Vallejo, the daughter of a Cuban planter—long ago dead—and an American mother, who still survived him.

It is scarce necessary to say that the interrogatory was but part of a dialogue already begun, or that Henry Clinton was the questioner.

The scene was in the drawing-room of a handsome house on the west side of Washington Square, chosen by the widow of the Cuban planter as an occasional residence in her native land.

There was no break like this, no hesitation in the answer to that fervent appeal. Equally passionate was the reply:

"Promise it, Henry! Why do you ask this? If you doubt me, I will swear it!"

"I do not doubt you, Ysabel. How could I, with those eyes looking truth and love into mine?"

"But why, dearest—why do you go away? Two years! Such a long time! Oh, Henry, it will kill me!"

"It would kill me, if I returned to find you untrue."

"Again doubting! Henry, how can you speak thus? Untrue!—never! But I shall not let you go with a promise. Here shall I swear it!"

As the young girl spoke, she sprang away from his side, and dropped down upon her knees before a picture of the Madonna, that hung against the wall. She was of her father's religion; and, following its forms, she made the sign of the cross, and

then, placing her hand over her throbbing heart, repeated:

"Mother of God, be witness! If the love I now bear Henry Clinton be not his throughout all my life—whether he be living or dead—after my own death take me, oh, take me not unto thy holy bosom!"

Clinton bounded forward, raised her from her kneeling position, clasped her to his heart, and for a moment devoured her with his kisses!

For a time he stood repenting of the rash vow he had made; then, as if awed by his own vacillation, he imprinted upon her lips one last sealing kiss, and hurried away from her presence!

"Why does he leave me? *Madre de Dios!* why does he leave me?" were the murmured words that escaped the young girl, as she heard the street door closing behind him.

A yacht is steering up the Tyrrhenian Sea, making its way toward the French port of Marseilles. On its quarter-deck are two men, whose yachting costume proclaims one or the other to be its owner.

One of them is the handsomer and younger. Despite these advantages, he seems the more serious of the two; and the cloud upon his brow contrasts strangely with the bright azure of the sea-surface around, and the brilliant sky of Italy extending over his head.

The cause of that cloud must be looked for far off—away over the darker waves of the Atlantic; for it is the young New Yorker, Henry Clinton, who is the owner of the yacht.

The shadow is not one of absolute despondency—only of fear and doubt. He fears to do an act long since conceived; he has doubts whether it may not lead to consequences of an unpleasant kind.

He requires a bottle of Clos Vougeot to give him courage for carrying out his intent.

He drinks this along with the friend who is his *compagnon de voyage*.

"Van Vliet!" he says, after emptying a second glass, "I'm going to ask a favor from you."

"It is granted before asking."

"Don't speak so fast, Jerome. It is a sacrifice, such as only brother can expect from brother."

"Pshaw, Harry! There are friendships quite as strong as that of brotherhood."

"I know it, Van Vliet; and for this reason I expect as much from you."

"Come to the point, Clinton! What is it you want me to do?"

"Before leaving home, I hinted of a plan I had, to test the truthfulness of Ysabel Vallejo."

"You did; and I think—excuse me, for being frank with you—I think you are testing it to a somewhat severe tune."

"Ah! Jerome, myself more than her. You know nothing of the pain this absence is costing me."

"I'd be stupid if I didn't. I know what it's costing me: a devilish dull time of it. You haven't been yourself, Harry Clinton, ever since we left New York; and if I'd known it before starting, I'm not certain I should have consented to forsake gay Gotham—much as I like yachting at your expense."

"Dear, dear, Jerome! I am aware how much my mood must have worried you. But it is of this I wish now to relieve you."

"Explain yourself, Harry!"

"I will, and in a word. I want you to go back to the United States."

"Come! that's funny; but it still needs the explanation."

"Simple enough, so far as your going is concerned. And so, too, is my plan, though its consequences concern the whole happiness of my life—may perhaps destroy it."

"I still wait for the *clairvoyance*."

"It is, then, Ysabel must believe me dead."

Van Vliet started, almost shattering his champagne glass.

"I expected you to be surprised," continued his friend, in a tone of unchanged calmness. "But I am serious in what I propose; and with your assistance, intend carrying it out. You have promised—I know you will not fail me."

"But how do you mean to act? By practicing some deception?"

"A deception, it is true; but meant for our mutual welfare—my own happiness as hers. She must think that I am dead; and here I have prepared what will make her think so."

Clinton handed a scrap of paper to his friend, on which were traced the words:

"A telegram received from Marseilles imparts the painful intelligence that an American yacht, belonging to Henry Clinton, Esq., of New York, has been caught in a gale off the coast of Corsica, and gone to the bottom, with all hands aboard—the owner among the rest. Not a soul has been saved."

"And what am I to do with this?" asked Van Vliet, with eyes half starting from their sockets.

"After we have landed at Marseilles, which we shall do before sunset, you will take this on to Paris, and publish it in the *Galignani*."

"But your friends in New York—supposing they should see it?"

"It will make most of them very happy. I can't think of an exception. My nearest of kin is a cousin, who has a longing eye on those avenue lots of mine."

"But my friends. They know I'm along with you, and here it says there's not a soul saved!"

"I wish you to go on to New York, taking *Galignani* along with you. You can then satisfy your friends, that at least one very valuable life has been spared."

Van Vliet could not help laughing at the quiet joke.

"But," said he, "suppose *Galignani* won't put this 'drowned duck' in print?"

Clinton smiled in his turn.

"You, a New Yorker, to talk in that way! So well acquainted, too, with the tricks of journalism! I thought you knew better, Jerome? There is a talisman that will command the whole press of Paris. With it in one hand, and the drowned duck, as you call it, in the other, you need have no fear of approaching *Galignani*."

While speaking, the young yachtsman drew a purse from his pocket, and thrust it into the hands of his friend.

"What more?" asked Van Vliet.

"Get the paragraph printed; take the paper on with you to New York; and see that it is put into the hands of Ysabel Vallejo."

"It will be a shock to her."

"I hope it will. God forgive me for desiring it; but He knows my reason. If selfish it is not wholly."

A young girl of Spanish face and features kneeling before an image of the Virgin Mary; not in Spain, nor any other Catholic country; not in church or chancel aisle, but on the carpet of a quiet drawing-room in the city of New York.

She is in prayer; and its purpose may be gathered from the words that flow fervently from her lips:

"Oh, Santissima Virgen! look down from heaven on high, and hear my prayer! Mother of God! I know thou givest ear to the humblest of thy petitioners. If it be sinful to approach thee with earthly thoughts, oh, pure Virgin, pardon me! for I am only of the earth. But thou who knowest all my desires, all the secret beatings of my heart, knowest also that my love for him is one and pure. Mother of God! guide him in his steps; guide him, for he is good; and so direct him in his wanderings, that

he may return unharmed, unchanged, to one whose heart could not live without him. *Virgen Santissima!* grant this, my request, and let me ever pray for thine honor and glory, in the name of Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen!"

It was but part of the daily orison of the beautiful Isabel Vallejo—offered up every morning since that on which Henry Clinton had seen her kneeling in the same place.

It was a morning in the sixth month of his absence, and once more upon her knees she had repeated it.

She had risen to her feet with the devout smile still lingering on her lips, when a ring at the street door announced the approach of a stranger. It was only a messenger with a packet; who, after handing it to the servant, went off without saying a word.

It was for Miss Isabel Vallejo; and the servant, entering the room, delivered it into her hands.

It was simply a newspaper, on the wrapper of which was written her name and address. On tearing off the envelope she saw it was the *Galignani*, of Paris—a journal known all the world over.

A paragraph, conspicuously marked between brackets of black ink, at once attracted her eye. After reading it, she gave utterance to a quick, sharp cry, and sunk fainting upon the floor!

Two men passing down the Fifth avenue, in the direction of Washington Square. They walk with nervous, hurried strides, and an air that speaks of some strongly-felt uneasiness. One of them, the younger, more especially shows this anxiety.

"You are sure," says he, addressing himself to the other, "you're sure they've gone away from New York?"

"Quite sure of it. At all events, they left Washington Square more than twelve months ago—just after I'd sent in the *Galignani*. When I called to inquire about them, the old Spanish servant told me they had returned to Havana, where, you know, they have a home. It was about that I wrote to you, addressing the letter to Hong Kong, as you directed, and another afterward to Melbourne, Australia. You say you received neither?"

"Neither. Not a word since you left me at Versailles."

"Well; they may be back here now. We shall soon see. I know that they still keep the house."

The two men thus talking were Henry Clinton, just returned from his voyage around the world, and Jerome Van Vliet, who had gone less than half-way.

In five minutes more they rung the door-bell of a house on the west side of Washington Square, where for more than twelve months no guest had been seen to enter, nor any host to issue forth. It was inhabited only by servants—two of them—one an aged man, with a complexion of bronze, and a skin wrinkled like parchment. It was he who answered the bell.

"The Señor Vallejo?"

"Gone to Havana, señores. Está quedando allá (he is residing there). She left this city twelve months ago."

"And her daughter?"

"Por cierto! señores, she has taken the niña along with her."

"Do you expect them to be soon back here?"

"Quien sabe? They said nothing to me of when they would return. It is now winter; and not likely they'll come North before spring. *Agua está mucho frío* (here it is very cold)," added the ancient servitor, with a shrug, as though he, too, would have preferred spending his winter in Havana.

"Back to the yacht!" said Clinton, as he turned disappointedly from the door, "and on for the Island of Cuba. You'll go with me, Van Vliet?"

"Of course, my dear boy, anywhere you wish. It'll help to make up for the circumnavigation out of which you cheated me. I'm ready for the trip."

"I may need you. If any thing has happened—if she's not true, and another has my place, I shall expect you to act either as my second, or undertaker."

"I hope neither one, nor the other."

As in the streets of New York, two men are seen hastening through the "Calles" of Havana. They are the same two men—Henry Clinton, and his friend Van Vliet, who have just landed from their yacht, at anchor in the bay. They have inquired for the residence of the Señora Vallejo, and a street *comisario* is conducting them toward it.

"What is that crowd for?" asked Van Vliet, pointing to an assemblage of people in front of a large massive building, resembling a monastery.

"It's the convent of Santa Catalina," answered the guide. "There's a grand 'funcion' there to-day."

"A funcion?"

"Si, señor, a ceremony, a rare one, too—no less than a marriage with the Savior."

"What does the man say?" asked Clinton, who had not hitherto been listening.

"I'm telling the caballero," answered the guide, "of what's going on inside the convent. A young *novia* is just being wedded to her Savior."

"Ah! indeed," drawled Clinton, who, having visited the conventual establishments of Europe, understood what was meant. "Poor girl, I pity her!"

"And I, too, señor," said the guide, who appeared more intelligent than devout.

"*Caramba!* It's a sad thing for the poor *niña* to be shut up all her life within those gloomy walls, with nothing but praying to amuse her! So young, rich, and beautiful, too! After all, it's her own fault. She needn't, if she hadn't liked it. She's been a *novia* for twelve months under the white veil; and sure that was time enough for her to change her mind if she'd wished it? Well, I suppose the other thing was harder to bear than being a nun."

"What other thing?"

"*Ay Dios!* You haven't heard? All Havana knows the story. She was betrothed to a man who went away and left her, and then she had news of his being drowned, and after that she didn't care any more for the world. But, look in, señores! It will be worth your while. See! the grand procession is just coming up the aisle, and the new-made nun in the midst!"

"Her name?" gasped Henry Clinton, as following the guide they pressed forward into the vestibule.

"*Caspita!* what a fool I am! I forgot that, señores! How stupid of me not to think of it—that I was just taking you to the house of her mother, Señora Vallejo! It is her daughter, the beautiful Ysabel, who has this day been dedicated. See, yonder she goes! They are now conducting her inside the cloisters!"

Perhaps never was more painful picture presented to the eyes of man than that now before Henry Clinton. He saw it but confusedly, with a dead weight upon his heart, and a burning in his brain. He saw the white, wan face of his beloved Ysabel, imbordered in black, with a spot of red upon her cheeks, produced by the excitement of the ceremony. He saw her look of lorn resignation as, surrounded by priests in their grand ceremonial robes, she was led away toward her cheerless cloister, never more to look upon the light of the outward world! It seemed like some innocent dove, clutched in the talons of vultures, and being borne off to their ill-odored eyrie!

Henry Clinton saw all this, but too late. She, who should have been his bride, was now the "bride of Christ!"

(Our next number will contain "The Key to the Convent," a sequel to the "Love Test.")

The Shadowed Heart:

OR,
THE ILL-STARRED MARRIAGE.

BY MARY REED CROWELL.

AUTHOR OF "THE 'BORN MAN,'" "CHARLIE CORCORAN," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER IV.

FORBIDDEN SECRETS.

The days of that glorious sunny week were passing pleasantly away to the inmates of the Grange.

George Casselmaine had found his betrothed wife very beautiful, very charming, and very agreeable; yet there lacked something—a nameless something—that made him often wonder why he occasionally wanted to mount his fleetest horse and dash recklessly away over hillside and valley, with the feeling that he was not, after all, the happiest man alive, as he ought to be, with such a lovely fiancée.

A vague thought that this same emotion was experienced by Maude Elverton, when her dreamy, misty eyes would wander from him and gaze so earnestly at the white cupola among the tree-tops, just visible from her favorite western window. And he asked himself if it was possible there was wanting that keen, subtle sensation of first deep love between him and his future bride.

Possibly Maude loved another? Certainly he did not. At any rate, neither adored the other with that ardor which engaged people of a week's time are accused of.

Notwithstanding, George Casselmaine firmly resolved that by no sign of his should Maude or her parents dream that he was not the worshipping lover he seemed. He did like his betrothed very, very much, and he could but admit that a lifetime with her would be a fortunate destiny for any man.

So the time went on, and Maude little knew the secret resolve of Casselmaine, while we must acknowledge that she cast many a wistful glance over the emerald meadows to the gleaming white mansion.

That mansion was the Archery, with its mystery: the one person of whom Maude so often thought was Frederic Trevlyn.

They had not met often—perhaps a half-dozen times; but those brief moments had been of sufficient length to impress indelibly upon Maude's heart the handsome, serious dark eyes, the noble, manly bearing of the stern man who had regarded her so keenly.

But Frederic Trevlyn had never shown, by glance or token, that beautiful Maude Elverton was any more to him than a dozen other pretty girls. How well he must have preserved his love a secret the reader may guess.

A succession of brilliant parties, both indoors and out, had followed the arrival of George Casselmaine at the Grange. To these Fred Trevlyn was of course invited, and of course present.

On this evening there was an unusually pleasant gathering at "the Villa," the magnificent country-seat of old Mr. Joyce, whose two step-daughters did the honors of the house.

The music room was almost deserted, and the lamps were paled before the bright

rays of the harvest moon, that flooded the room with its subdued brilliance. Most of the guests were promenading in the garden; but, alone of the gay company, the star, Maude Elverton, had dexterously stolen to this quiet retreat.

She had been there but a few moments when a tall figure appeared in the doorway, who, on seeing her, immediately came forward to the balcony, where she sat.

"You are disposed to be cruel to-night, Miss Elverton."

Fred Trevlyn's voice made her shiver from head to foot, but she replied, gayly and unconcernedly:

"I do not comprehend; am I punishing myself by staying away from the remainder of the guests?"

Quite unconsciously she looked at him, with a sweet timidity that almost unnerved Fred Trevlyn.

"No. You are cruel to your friends, but kind, most kind to me."

A sudden fleet blush mounted her white forehead.

"Miss Elverton, do not misunderstand me when I say how delighted I am to enjoy this interview. I have very few friends, and when with them I can spend a brief moment and forget myself, my life, my past, present and future, I can not be too grateful."

He drew a chair opposite her, and leaned his head against the pillar. Maude glanced furtively at him, and for the first time since they had become acquainted she observed how deep an expression of sad disgust brooded on his handsome face—how dark a shadow rested on his brow—signs that too plainly told that he had in early life drunk to the bitterest dregs, perhaps, the cup of earth's sorrow. And in her heart a pity for him dawned—that dangerous sympathy so near akin to love. And while Maude was thinking of these things, her eyes downcast, her hands idling with a clematis spray, Frederic Trevlyn was eagerly, earnestly reading her sweet face, thinking how unspeakably, inexpressibly dear it was to him, already—how happy the man must be who might bask in the sunlight of her presence—how he would give untold gold might he but win her!

But he dare not think of this. He dare not give his wild imagination play; he, who in earlier, even boyhood days had counted his conquests by dozens, dared not dream even of beautiful Maude Elverton. She could never be aught to him—never, never! He was a doomed man; he was powerless to speak a word of love to her—to any woman!

She was the betrothed of another, so the gossip said, but that was not the barrier between them, for Frederic Trevlyn would never have allowed that to stand between him and his love.

But the wide, impassable gulf between them! He shivered and sickened as he thought that his own hands, ignorantly and innocently, years before, had made that gulf, and now no mortal might bridge it over!

The two sat, little dreaming of each other's thoughts, in the beautiful, tempting moonlight.

"Mr. Trevlyn, you of all men living, the owner of the enviable Archery, the delight of our county, young, fortunate, happy, should be the last to complain of fenness of friends."

"I fortunate? I happy? Surely you can not but be jesting, Miss Maude?"

"I never was more in earnest, Mr. Trevlyn; but I sincerely hope I have not offended you. You looked pained when I spoke."

"You never could offend me, Miss Elverton; and may I tell you that of the few friends, you are the nearest and dearest? Pardon me if I am hasty in saying this."

He leaned nearer her, and she met his earnest, almost impassioned glance.

"I am very glad you do like me," she replied, ingenuously, "and if, in my capacity of friend, I can serve you or alleviate the dark fate you persist in clinging to as inevitable, you must allow me. Will you promise?"

She extended her hand, and he grasped it eagerly, bending to kiss it as he felt prompted to do; but, a strong resolve saved him, and pressing it kindly, let go his hold upon it.

Little did she dream the whirlwind her innocent words had caused.

Poor Fred Trevlyn! how his aching heart throbbed with joy as he had held her hand that brief moment—throbbed with a hopeless joy, insane and intoxicating.

Poor Maude! her heart bounded with a wild, uncontrollable bliss, for she imagined perhaps he loved her! perhaps he would love, if he did not yet!

This was the wanting key-note that George Casselmaine had failed to discover between himself and Maude; this, that was perfectly attuned between Maude and Frederic Trevlyn.

Already the room was filling again with the merry couples, eager for the dance, and Trevlyn led Maude to the floor for the polka redowa. It seemed to them both the perfection of joy: to Maude, who scarcely was able to analyze these new feelings, a new, wild, thrilling joy came when Fred Trevlyn held her so closely to his throbbing heart, and she knew it must be love that induced the new emotion.

And he? it was happiness for a time to hang upon her smiles—to watch the lights and shades of her beautiful face—to look into her clear, truthful eyes with his search-

ing, impassioned glance. Bliss too perfect for expression, excepting the thought that it must all end some time, if not that hour, when prudence bade him flee from the temptation.

The music died away, and he and Maude silently went from the room to the balcony again, where they were alone.

Neither spoke; then, with a mighty impulse, he stooped and kissed her forehead.

"Mr. Trevlyn, sir, you forget I am to be George Casselmaine's wife!" and even as she spoke, a great, wild heart-throb leaped to her voice.

"Forgive me. I did know it—I do know it! But I have so few joys, so few comforts, and we are to be friends."

He held out his hands for the pardon he craved. And Maude? she laid her tiny hands within them, and granted the forgiveness.

CHAPTER V.

A FLASH OF LIGHT.

THE ball at the Villa seemed to have been a gayety of Cupid's own making.

The host, old, silly Andrew Joyce, was in raptures over the suddenly appreciated charms of his neighbor Tressel's daughter; while Ida herself loved, hopelessly in secret, a far different personage.

Maude Elverton had discovered that, though her hand had been formally bestowed upon George Casselmaine, her affections were centered on the peculiarly eccentric owner of the Archery, thus leaving George entirely unprotected for. Yet the goddess did not thus neglect one of her prime favorites; for that very day George Casselmaine met his destiny.

A riding-party of Maude and Trevlyn, Casselmaine and the elder Miss Joyce had gone for a pleasure tour far off among the hills. In returning they had come past the Archery, thence toward the Grange. This road, the reader remembers, led directly by Rose Cottage, and at that humble, lovely spot he first saw sweet, Ida Tressel. Since the morning previous, when her father had commanded her to receive Mr. Joyce as an accepted lover, not a word relative to the subject had passed between them. It was now Saturday, and on the morrow Andrew Joyce was to come to hear his fate; a decision he vainly imagined could not be otherwise than favorable, but which Ida revolted from thinking of, even.

The two days had wrought quite a change in her; they had transformed her from the merry, laughing girl into the more sedate, demure woman, yet upon whom the dignified air sat as gracefully as the more joyous one.

She had resolutely kept from her father the name of the person upon whom she had, unsolicited, poured all her young affections. He had not asked her opinion, and in the fact that no one save herself knew her sweet secret, she rejoiced.

Only a few times had Ida seen this ideal of whom she was so enamored, but, like Maude Elverton, when first she saw Fred Trevlyn, it needed not days or weeks to bring her whole heart, her entire will, to own this dearly loved one, master.

She had gone to her own room—a sweet, tidy apartment, draped in white, and carpeted in green—to commune over the commotion she knew must occur when the morrow came. She had been in her room but a few minutes, when confused cries and a loud, ringing voice calling her name, disturbed her.

Peeping from her blinds, she saw three riders, mounted, Maude Elverton, Frederic Trevlyn, and her especial aversion, Helen Joyce. Beside Mr. Trevlyn was a riderless horse, and across his animal lay a prostrate, unconscious form.

With fairy speed she flew to the rescue; unbolted the door, and, calling Hetty, began assisting the ladies to dismount.

Maude was pale, and Helen Joyce much agitated, though she did not fail of flinging a coldly contemptuous look at Ida, who returned it defiantly enough.

"Miss Tressel, please be so kind as to hold my horse, while I dismount and help this poor fellow down."

Fred spoke kindly, and courteously grasped her hand as she came to hold Fleet's bridle.

"Is your companion seriously hurt, Mr. Trevlyn?" she asked, stepping carefully to his side, and lifting the heavy brown curls.

A sharp cry burst from her, and the three guests stared curiously at her.

"Oh, Mr. Trevlyn, he is not dead! Tell me, he can not be dead!"

"Mr. Casselmaine is certainly not dead, Miss Ida, though your screams indicate the grief you experience upon the mere possibility of the event."

He spoke sharply, and with that stern glance her self-reliance returned.

"If you please, Mr. Trevlyn," proudly and indignantly, "you are not the person to control any emotion I may express at such a sight as that."

She lifted the heavy tress again and pointed to a deep, dangerous cut.

"Miss Ida, I indeed beg your pardon a thousand times. Ladies, I fear George has received a more severe injury than we imagined."

Maude gazed in trembling pallor, while Helen Joyce uttered a little nervous cry. Ida alone remained cool, collected.

"Hetty, assist the gentleman to carry the stranger to my room. Ladies, walk in the parlor."

For his very life Frederic Trevlyn dare not disobey the cool command, and without

a demur he assisted Casselmaine to the cool, airy chamber above.

Restoratives were tried, in vain, and at the expiration of half an hour the patient had not revived, and then Ida left him to Hetty's care while she went to the parlor below.

Maude Elverton and Helen Joyce were sitting at the window, and their escort walking to and fro—his eyes eagerly noting every changing expression of the sweet face before him.

Almost abruptly Ida broke upon them: "Miss Elverton, your guest is no better; I think I had best send for a surgeon."

Maude paled a trifle; then, by some unaccountable agency, raised her eyes full to Frederic Trevlyn's face. The glance was mutual, and beneath his keen gaze the rich bloom on her cheek deepened to a vivid glow, and she turned to Ida again.

"Thank you, Miss Tressel, and will it be perfectly convenient for George to remain here until Doctor Blake shall consent to his removal? You will confer a great favor."

Maude asked Ida very earnestly, but not so eager as the prompt reply:

"I could not think of having the gentleman disturbed. Hetty and I can attend to him perfectly well; it will be a pleasure rather than a task you seek to impose upon us."

Helen Joyce's keen black eyes smiled scornfully upon her.

It is quite a romance, Miss Tressel, to have a handsome young man helpless in your house, to be waited upon and attended to. I have heard of susceptible young nurses falling in love with their patients, too, haven't you, Miss Elverton?

Regardless of the pained, angry flush on Ida's face, she went on:

"At the Villa are ample accommodations for sick people, and suitable servants to care for them. It is but a quarter of a mile, we could easily carry him there."

She addressed her concluding remarks to Trevlyn.

"Are you sure there are no susceptible nurses at the Villa? Possibly the handsome patient might make serious inroads there."

He spoke with a quiet irony that nettled Helen.

"Don't flatter yourself, Mr. Trevlyn, that either I or my sister meditate the slightest design on Mr. Casselmaine or his particular friend, the irresistible Mr. Trevlyn."

Fred bowed with profound gravity; then, turning to Maude, addressed her:

"George is your especial property, Miss Elverton; how shall we arrange this affair?"

"I would much rather he would remain quiet and comfortable, as he is, several hours at least. Miss Tressel knows her own business best, and she says it will not incommode her any."

A grateful gleam shot from Ida's eyes at Maude, who little knew its real promptings.

The trio mounted their horses, and returned to the Grange, leaving Casselmaine in the charge of Ida.

Softly she stole to the room where he lay, unconscious and silent. By the bedside she stood, devouring every feature of the calm, noble face, with a devotion that could be prompted but by love alone.

A thrill of indefinable joy swept over her, as she gazed upon him, and, glancing searchingly around, bent over his forehead, and kissed him, while the fiery blushes spread over her face at the liberty she had dared to take.

This, then, was the one whom Ida Tressel refused to acknowledge to her father as the only one she had ever, could ever love. Little Ida Tressel—the poor, humble, yet proudly beautiful girl—had fallen in love with George Casselmaine, the rich, aristocratic lover—no, the betrothed husband—of haughty Maude Elverton.

And yet he, her idol, had never seen her. George Casselmaine knew not of Ida Tressel's existence, and when in his moments of yearning for the wanting something that should bind him heart and hand to the one he loved, he little dreamed of the pair of soft brown eyes that lightened at the thought of him, or the heart that throbbed so wildly when he rode by on the shady roadside.

And Ida Tressel was not alone enamoured of the stylish stranger. Another, whose money might be counted by hundreds of thousands of dollars where Ida's was told by pennies, had concluded, that, hereafter, she and Maude Elverton were bitter rivals.

Preposterous as was the idea, Helen Joyce had determined to win George Casselmaine in spite of his beautiful betrothed, and often in her zeal, when Casselmaine, in friendly familiarity, whispered the most commonplace words in her ear, or assisted her to mount or dismount, she believed her end was nearer to accomplishment than she could have hoped. When Ida Tressel had offered so sincerely and hospitably to keep the stranger, Helen Joyce had read her secret in her truthful eyes; and in the rare expressive face she foresaw a rival more potent than Maude Elverton.

But, Fred Trevlyn who also was aware of Helen's interest in Casselmaine, and who also knew of Casselmaine's utter disregard for her, had spoiled any romantic little plot Helen Joyce might have formed, and the result was as he and Ida desired.

Perhaps had Helen Joyce known, at the moment she directed her impertinent glances at the despised girl, that her old father would be awaiting his destiny at her very lips not a day later, she had acted less scornful.

But, she was in blissful ignorance.

(To be Continued—Commenced in No. 12.)

Our Ballads.

[We propose to award a corner in our paper to original ballads, and will be happy to receive from our friends contributions of that class. Some of the most charming poems in the language are ballads. We hope our contributors having a talent for this species of composition, will let us hear from them.]

HANNIBAL'S OATH.

BY CAPT. CHARLES HOWARD.

To the altar of Baal old Hamilcar came,
His long hair the hue of the foam,
For in his bosom there burned the wild fierce flame

Of hate, for the city of Rome.

"Carthage bleeds beneath Roman rods,"
Thus the gray-haired warrior cried;
"We have called upon the gods;
But they succor have denied."

"Now, oh Baal, I bring to thee,
This, my youngest, dearest son;
He who shall his country free,
Ere his race of life is run."

Then he turned into his child,
And of Rome's oppression spoke,
Till the youth's calm look grew wild,
And apart the red lips broke:

"Father, wait till I grow tall,
Wait till I can smite lead;
Then the knights of Rome shall fall,
Then the best of Rome shall bleed."

Kneel, my boy, and raise thy hand,
As thou art just done at home;
Swear, as thou dost love thy land,
Eternal enmity to Rome.

"Swear, my boy, that thou wilt give
Always aid to oppressed lands;
That thou wilt never fall alive,
A prisoner, into Roman hands."

Dropped the boy upon the stones,
And raised—not one hand—but both,
While his sire, in thunder-tones,
Shouted forth the fearful oath.

Backward shrunk the priest of Baal,
When he heard Hamilcar's words;
And his wrinkled face grew pale,
For their venom pierced like swords.

Ah, what the sky the lightning flashed,
As its forked and lurid beams a-flew,
Against the rocks the billows dashed,
With sounds—the harbingers of war.

"Father, I have sworn to hate and to slay
Rome, her laws, her knights, her kings;
Them I now abominate,
Yea, above all earthly things."

Thus the Carthaginian boy
Spoke, as to his feet he rose;
Priest and parent smiled for joy—
They the Roman's deadliest foes.

As the lustre came and waned,
Hannibal to manhood grew;
Mighty victories he gained,
And Rome's best and greatest slew.

Now he is a warrior gray,
And his strength begins to fail;
Still he courts the battle-day,
He has not forgotten Baal.

Yonder, where the flag of Rome
Flies above the dying dead,
Hannibal is striking home;
Now he cleaves a general's head.

Carthage's flags are lowered to Rome,
See! the warrior's cheeks grow pale;
He sinks, the poison has struck home;
He has kept the oath of Baal.

Or,

LIFE ON A TROPIC ISLE.

BY LAFAYETTE LAFOREST.

NUMBER THIRTEEN.

Of course we did not speak. We neither understood a word of the other's language; at least I never thought of trying, but I held her hand in mine, and saw that she was pleased at my attention. Never did man feel more valiant or more timorous. My determination was firm to fight the whole tribe, while a great dread was on my soul, lest I should lose that which would make life at least endurable in that desolate place.

When I was cast away, female society was dear to me in the extreme, but it never entered my mind to believe that the absence of it would be felt by any one so acutely as it was by me. The longing was irrepressible, and now that I had found such a companion, my life appeared to have become more valuable.

We moved for a considerable time at a rapid pace, until, to my great surprise, I found we must have turned the wrong way, as the distant boom of the surf could be distinctly heard. Then the sky, before so clear and bright, became suddenly overcast. It was clear that we were about to have a storm, if not a tornado. Looking quickly round, a clump of thick vines falling from a bonab tree, seemed to promise ample shelter, and beneath this we hastily crept.

It was a very dangerous thing to do, as it thundered and lightened violently soon after, and rained as it only can rain, in the tropics. But I thought not of danger. My new-found companion was by my side, and, wholly occupied by her, the danger did not alarm me. Every now and then, as the lightning was more than usually vivid, I saw her bright little eyes fixed upon me with a curious expression—half wonder, half doubt. But, by signs and gentle caresses, I endeavored to reassure her; and when the storm was over, which it was in less than an hour, she was sleeping soundly, with her head upon my shoulder, and my arm supporting her.

As soon as it was thoroughly light, she awoke and looked round timidly, while a rosy hue burst forth upon her cheeks. She then hastily rose and listened. After a moment, she lay down with her ear to the ground, and making signs to me, jumped up and fled. The savages were clearly on our track. We were now crossing a little prairie, about a mile long by half a mile wide, quite clear, and covered by luxuriant grass,

the abode of snakes, no doubt. But no thought of the beasts or the reptiles of the field moved us, as we made for the skirts of trees.

Passing through these, we soon saw that we were close to a somewhat remarkable river. It had no banks, but the mangroves grew down into the water, while for a hundred feet on each side was a huge unhealthy and unpleasant swamp, the odor from which was exceedingly bad. But there was no time for hesitation. The girl made signs that the savages were quickly coming up, and it was not for me to dispute her experience. With an elasticity of step, which was marvelous for one so frail and young, she leaped on to some huge stumps of trees, and darted from root to root with a light and even bound I could scarcely imitate.

She was guide now. Every two minutes she paused, listened again, and then, if she noticed a dead leaf had been, then on, or that our feet had made a mark on the decayed wood, paused to efface it. Very soon we were close to the river, into the turbid and muddy water of which she leaped unhesitatingly. I followed, wading a little above my knees, and hurrying so rapidly that I scarcely understood her motive. It was to turn a bend in the river before the savages came up.

The whole shore, several mud islands, and the waters, were alive with birds. Sometimes a flock of pelicans swam by, giving us a wide berth, while at others, a long string of flamingoes stretched along the muddy shore, looking like a line of fire in the morning sun. There were herons, too, and cranes and gulls. But these occupied me little, as I had eyes only for the graceful form of my Indian girl, while she was intent on her duties as leader. Down the stream we moved, turning back every moment to look over our shoulders, in fear of pursuit. For some time we saw nothing of the *Fans*, for such, I afterward found, was the name of the tribe. Then, however, the girl clutched me by the arm just as a shrill cry of triumph warned me that we were discovered.

Quick as thought she drew me beneath the roots of a mangrove up to our waists in slimy mud. Then she took a log that was floating on the water, but attached to the roots by some creeping plants, which, having severed, she thrust it out into the stream. For a moment I did not understand her meaning, but when I saw that her quick eye had noticed a branch dipping in the water, that drew up precisely the same mud and bubbles that our steps did, I comprehended the keen wit of the Indian girl.

Ten minutes passed, during which we very cautiously drew ourselves back in the swamp, the abode of alligators and snakes, until we were in a dark and noisome recess, perfectly pestiferous in its odors. But to me it was delightful, as in my enthusiasm at her ready wit, I clasped her in my arms and even received from the dear and affectionate creature a most expressive kiss. But this was no time for ecstasies, as we could now hear the guttural cries of the *cannibals* at no great distance.

Then we saw a body of them pass. They had secured a huge log on which some twenty of them sat astride, using sticks for paddles. About four guided the clumsy construction, which, however, moved rapidly enough with the tide, while the rest, armed with spears, bows and war-hatchets—terrible weapons—peered about in search of the fugitive, or rather fugitives, for doubtless the footmarks had betrayed my presence.

Our hole, however, sheltered us, and I was about to step out and look after them, when the girl checked me. She knew the cunning of these ferocious savages (who cook and eat human flesh without compunction) better than I did. The raft was only a blind, for soon there appeared several scattered savages peering at both shores, scouting the roofed and arched roots of the mangroves with their lances, and examining every possible hiding-place with keen and savage scrutiny.

I made ready. My double-barreled gun was cocked, my pistols were in my belt out of the reach of the water, and with these I felt a match for half-a-dozen. They all carried spears, huge shields of buffalo-hide, and tomahawks, slung in their belts about the extent of their garb. They passed in dozens close to us, but the mangrove roots on the side of the water, appeared too low, probably, for the entrance to a hiding-place.

Then there was a great stillness in the air, and I thought all was over. Still I paused, and allowed some minutes to elapse ere venturing to sally forth. It appeared, then, well that I did so, for the next instant I saw at some distance from the opening a very tall and grizzled-looking old warrior, who was slowly and carefully examining every faintest sign by which to trace us. Suddenly I saw an infernal grin on his face as he looked at our opening, toward which he the next instant made his way. By the way that he poised his spear it was clear he meant mischief, so, taking deliberate aim, I fired.

I felt my companion shudder intensely—in her fright she had clung to me—but when the smoke cleared away, the *Fan* warrior was nowhere to be seen. Drawing my half-fainting companion into the open air, I retreated through the swamp until we stood once more on dry land. I could see some high rocks in the distance, and toward these directed my way, after loading my gun in the presence of the girl, who, however, to

my utter amazement, appeared quite familiar with the process.

Then on we started in the direction of some huge boulders, on an elevated plateau, some of them thirty or forty feet high by one hundred long.

Above there were some steep rocks, from which depended the India-rubber vine, from which—and not from a tree—the caoutchouc of commerce is obtained in Africa. It is a vine of immense length, with singularly few leaves, and those only at the end. These leaves are broad, dark green, and lance-shaped. The bark is rough, and of a brownish hue, while a large vine is, often five inches in diameter at the base.

Toward this part of the rocks I went, and having reached their foot, made signs to Plabina—such was the girl's name—that I would ascend. She looked wistfully up, and shook her head. Then I recollected my lass, which I showed her, and then hurriedly began to climb. The vines were so thickly intertwined, that it was no easy task.

Then I heard a shriek which rung to the very welkin, followed by an angry and savage cry, like nothing I had ever heard before.

I bent over just in time to behold Plabina caught in the arms of a huge being whose features I could not distinguish. Then, having secured its prize, it fled precipitately.

The girl was in the hands of the terrible and ferocious being whom some have dared to compare with man. She had been carried off by a gorilla.

I descended from my eminence in utter horror of spirit, and just as I alighted on the ground below, saw some twenty of the *Fans* savages debouch upon the plain. They, too, had seen the rapt, and instantly gave chase.

With a weary, almost broken heart, I followed.

I had read in story books of monkeys stealing away girls and then returning them home unscathed, but I had no such belief in the amenity of the gorilla, which was, without exception, the most hideous and unsightly monster which ever had crossed my path. Its immense and fearful muscular power was something awful, it carrying the unfortunate girl as I should have carried an infant.

My feelings of grief and rage were such as almost to put me beside myself. I, however, hurried on the track of the savages in a state of double terror. It was very probable that they would kill the beast, but in what way could this advantage me? They would become the possessors of the person of the rescued captive, and thus in either way she was lost to me.

The track, or trail, of the *Fan* Indians was easily followed, and presently some drops of blood indicated that, by means of their bows and arrows or spears, they had wounded the animal. Then I heard, first, a most singular and awful noise. It began with a sharp bark, like that of an angry dog, then glided into a deep bass growl, not at all unlike the roll of very distant thunder, followed by a great shout, as of rejoicing, which was again succeeded by complete silence. Again hurrying on, the explanation of this rejoicing was quickly found.

On a bank, underneath a tree, was the gorilla, riddled with arrows and spears, which he was endeavoring to tear forth. But he was fast going. Death had set its seal upon him, and when I came close up he could only gnash his teeth and make a faint moan of mingled ferocity and anguish.

Despite my own sorrow and affliction, I stood still a moment to gaze with affright, mingled with admiration, at this wonderful animal. This one was quite six feet high, with an immense body, a vast chest, great muscular arms, fiercely glowing, large, deep-gray eyes, and a hellish expression of countenance, that reminded me of some terrible nightmare vision.

The beast, weak and ill as it was, glared at me from beneath the penthouse of its eyes with intense ferocity; its eyes flashed and rolled, while its huge and powerful fangs were clenched in impotent rage. I believe no man in his sober senses, gazing at that fearful dream-like creature—at that hideous caricature of humanity—could have ventured to compare it to the noblest and greatest of God's works.

Its four paws, its fearful ugliness, its howl, were of the very lowest order of the brute creation. It may suit the purpose of men who wish to make out that we are mere animals, with nothing but a superior instinct, to compare these "men-like apes" to human beings, but during my residence on the island, though every kind of African monkey passed in review before me, they were, though artful, cunning, cute and clever, very inferior in so-called intellect, to the dog, the horse, and elephant.

But enough of this beast. The one before me was fast sinking, and I had a great mind to finish its sufferings by one shot in its breast, with its recollection came to me, and the danger of such a proceeding was made manifest. Turning away, then, from the horrible sight, I again looked down upon the ground in search of the trail of the savages. In the kind of open clearing, where the huge ape had fallen a victim to its rapacity and greediness, the mark of their steps was obvious; and, determined now more than ever to brave any danger rather than lose Plabina, I again, after seeing with fearful care to the priming of my gun, hurried on my way, though scarcely hoping for an advantageous result.

The forest was, for a little way, dark and almost impenetrable, so that my movements were very slow, until suddenly the undergrowth disappeared, and once more the savages were in sight. They had halted in a small circular spot quite devoid of vegetation. The ground was bare rock, while all around were huge trees with waving and projecting branches, whence depended vast curling vines, that in many cases hung to the ground.

Tied to a small tree, was the Indian girl. She was weeping. They had fastened her wrists behind her back and herself to the sapling, while they were seated round in a circle debating earnestly upon some question of vital interest. That it regarded the girl I could tell from her frightened and averted looks, and those glances which she cast every now and then toward heaven, as if appealing to it for mercy. In the hour of tribulation and of trouble, the wildest nature learns to appeal to One who alone can guard and save.

The debate was very hot. Some were for one thing, some for another, but all pointed toward the girl. Then I saw a shadow of nameless horror fall upon the countenance of the girl, who, having been long a prisoner with some of the tribe, had learned their hideous and guttural language. A terrible and fearful dread went to my heart. These wretches, who are all cannibals, and who delight in nothing so much as in human flesh, were about to immolate the poor trembling victim and eat her.

Once this awful idea had taken possession of my soul my mind was made up. Most of the trees were covered by dense foliage, so that once having climbed up, there was no difficulty about my creeping slowly from tree to tree, until I was not fifteen feet from the girl, less than thirty from the savages.

My two barrels were loaded, and I had made up my mind to run every risk in the defense of youth, innocence, and surpassing beauty.

Then the whole party rose, and joining hands in a circle began to move slowly round; in a few minutes the speed was increased, until in less than twenty minutes they were whirling round like mad witches round a cauldron. After this they halted, gave a loud cry, and the majority seated themselves.

Then a very powerful man, a perfect giant, stood out. He appeared to me to be a chief, for he was attired in a feather headdress of glowing colors, his body had been oiled that morning, his teeth were black and polished, as ebony, while a huge knife hung at his side. This he slowly drew and flourished before the eyes of the girl.

Then he began speaking. I listened with intense interest, as the tone might tell me something. It was, however, a monotonous song, that sounded very much like O! O! O! repeated a hundred times. Then he pointed his left hand at the girl, looked on high and raised his right arm, in which was the fearful instrument of execution.

The girl hung almost dead from the tree. The savage stepped back to make a kind of spring; his breast was full in view. Without caring for, or reflecting on the consequences, I fired both barrels.

The Wrecker's Secret.

A TALE OF THE JERSEY BEACH.

BY C. DUNNING CLARK.

A BEACH like that which Tennyson describes in Enoch Arden, where long syne Philip Ray and he, with Annie, roamed about the shore where

"Long lines of cliff breaking had left a chasm,
And in that chasm were foam and yellow sand."

Such scenes as this are common down on the Jersey shore, where the blackened ribs of shipping, wrecked long ago, peer out from the snowy sand. Sea-gulls flit and wheel in the sun above the long blue roll of the sea, or lie floating upon the glassy surface. In the distance, against the summer sky, white-winged ships go sailing by, bound East and South and North. Closer in shore a Southern-bound steamer, with its freight of human souls, goes sweeping by, two black columns of smoke rising slowly and diffusing itself in the air. A scene of calm and quiet beauty worthy an immortal pencil.

Along that shore live a strange race of men, at whom it has been the habit through long years to point the finger, as men who would stoop to any crime for gain. Men who snatch their hard-earned bread from the treacherous sea, at a price sometimes fearful to the wives and mothers, who sit by desolate fires, and hear far off, the rush and roar of the breakers, and know that those they love are out at sea, at the mercy of the mighty waves. Let those who sleep soft and warm, who have never struggled to keep the wolf from the door, or know the hard uses of poverty, be the last to sneer at such as these. Rough and rude they are, but I have seen in them the stuff of which we mold our best and bravest. Hard men there are, to be sure, who live among them and would not hesitate at crime, but not in greater proportion to their numbers than the waifs and strays that fill our cities. And when danger comes, and the signal-gun flashes out from the black night behind that horrible line of breakers, these brave men start up, strong and ready to meet death even for the sake of the pre-

cious lives, not for the plunder which may come to their share.

The dash of oars and a merry song rung out in the summer air, and a light but strong boat, with a single rower, rounded a little point near at hand, and was sent by a dextrous turn high up on the sand out of the reach of the waves. The rower stepped out and stood alone upon the beach, leaning on an oar—a woman, in the pride of her youth and beauty, with long hair floating free in the passing breeze, and her beautiful face flushed by exercise. She turned a laughing look up and down the beach, as if in search of some one, and was not disappointed, for there leaped down from a rock not far away a young man in the blue jacket of a sailor, who came toward her with a bold, free step. A little rolling in his gait, to be sure, a trick which sailors learn on shipboard, but a handsome fellow, too, with short, curling hair of a deep rich brown, keen black eyes, and a smiling, reckless, winsome way about him which it was hard to resist. And, indeed, few cared to resist Charley Newcomb, or were ashamed to say that he was their friend. All along the Jersey shore, from Squam Beach to Barnegat, he was known as the boldest and best among the young men who lived upon that shore. A young Apollo, with the brawn and muscles of Hercules.

"Ah, Charley," said the girl, with a light laugh, "I might have known you would be in the way, but, to say the truth, I'd rather you would take yourself out of it. I'm upon business to-day."

"Nonsense, Nattie," replied Newcomb. "You were coming up to our place; were you not?"

"No," she said, a little pettishly. "I wish you would not bother me now, Charley Newcomb. I will not come to your house again in a month if you do."

"I suppose you must have your way," said the young man, with a sad look in his dark eyes. "Let it be as you say, and you shall have no reason to complain that Charley Newcomb stood in your way. And yet I thought at one time you would listen a little to me."

"You are beginning to lecture, and I always know what is going to happen then," said the girl, pettishly. "I am not a child, and—I wish you would let me alone, Charley Newcomb!" she added, almost fiercely.

"There, I have said nothing," replied Newcomb, in the same sad voice. "I am going now. I thought you would be glad to meet me as an old friend, or I would not have come. Enough, and more than enough has been said, and from this hour I shall not trouble you."

He turned away, but there was a haunting, reproachful look in his face which touched her, and she called his name, but he made no answer, but stood with half-averted face looking gloomily out to sea.

"Charley," said she again. "Forgive me; can you not? I have been pettish and wicked, but I meant no harm. If you only knew how I am troubled, tossed about by doubts and fears, you would pity and forgive me. What am I that you should care for me? The child of a wrecker—of a man at whom even the rough longshoremen look askance—who does not, who has it not in his nature to do me a daughter's right. You are rising in your chosen profession, and it is not for me to drag you down to my level."

"Drag you down, Nattie?"

"There; I think you love me as you say, but there is a secret which hangs about my life and makes it dark; a secret which is only in the possession of Jasper Derwent, who—"

"What of Jasper Derwent?" said a harsh voice near at hand, and a burly, dark-browed man rose from his seat behind a mass of brown rocks, and strode toward them.

"Home with you, Nattie, and as you wish to avoid my curse, never let me see you speaking with this scoundrel again!"

"Scoundrel!"

"Ay, scoundrel; any man is a scoundrel who takes the bread out of an honest man's mouth, who 'arms it from the sea. Don't I know you, Newcomb? Don't I know that you have fouled agin' the honest gains of the wreckers? Let me tell you to look out, for the boys won't stand no nonsense, they won't!"

"When have I interfered with honest gains, Jasper Derwent?" said Charley.

"You git home, Nattie Derwent!" yelled Jasper. "Git home, or I'll drag you thar with my own hands. I'll talk to this young man alone."

Nattie, with a despairing gesture, silently entered the boat and pushed off. Derwent looked moodily after her until the boat disappeared behind the headland, and then he turned his scowling face toward Newcomb.

"Least said, soonest mended, boy," he growled. "I don't want you to come a-sneakin' arter my darter; d'ye understand?"

"I begin to doubt if she is your daughter," replied Newcomb, boldly. "Such a cross-grained piece of humanity as you are never could be the father of a girl like Nattie."

The dark face of Derwent changed, and his fingers opened and shut convulsively.

"D'ye want me to ketch ye by the throat and choke yer life out?" he hissed.

"I don't think you could do it, even supposing you fool enough to try," replied the other, quietly. "I am no baby, and not easily frightened by blustering words upon your part. I have interfered in your busi-

